JOHN BULL, DECEMBER 17, 1932

TWOPENCE
Vol. LII.
1383.

The Christmas Number of—

JOHN BULL

Five good SPORTS

ANY PAIR FOR

25 PACKET FRONTS ONLY

Full length all-wool socks of British manufacture made on the famous old hard-wearing ribbed pattern. Choice of colours: Black, Navy, Army Grey, Heather, all in three sizes, 10, 10½ and 11. Get as many pairs as you want. This offer open until Easter, 1933.
This is the only 5 for 2d. cigarette giving 10 for 6d. gifts. You can choose any gift from the B.D.V Gift Book. Ask your tobacconist for a copy.

£8000
FOR FOOTBALL RESULTS
£400 must be won weekly (11 matches only). Ask your tobacconist for B.D.V "SPORTS" Entry Form. Winners will be announced each week in "Everybody's Weekly."

B.D.V
SPORTS
CIGARETTES
5 for 2d

GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD.
PROPRIETORS

AS GOOD AS THE BEST OF 'EM—GIVES MORE THAN THE REST OF 'EM

£1,000 Cash

And 500 Hampers Won in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition

No. 191.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following 58 competitors, who share the £800 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £13 15s. 11d. will be sent.

Anders, B. E., Rhydding, nr. Mold; Bald, Mrs. I., 28, Ramsay Drive, Vange; Banks, T., 176, Plank Lane, Leigh, Lancs.; Barker, W., 43, Rectory Lane, London, S.W.; Bashall, Mrs. C. E., 41, Carshalton Park Rd., Carshalton; Bellamy, W., 26, Nep St., Plymouth; Bich, K., Newlands, Pershore; Bromley, J., 19, Gratz Rd., Gawton-Cot-Gurwen; Casson, J., 20, Derby Rd., Forest Gate, E.; Charnock, Miss M., 44, George St., Horwich; Cotton, Mrs., 46, Glebe St., Penarth; Crump, C., 82, Rushton Ave., Lincoln; Cusworth, G., Stony Bank, Horbury; D'Arcy, Mrs. L. B., 94, Priory Rd., Gosport; Davies, H., 56, Old Heath Rd., Wolverhampton; Dinsdale, Miss D. V., Spencers Lodge, Hyde Park, Leeds; Dudley, M., 133, Beresford Rd., Liverpool; Eggleston, T., 13, Cresson Terr., Sale; Evans, W., 26, South Parade, Thorne; Farrell, Mrs. J., 2, White Rd., Blackburn; Gallimore, Miss J., 40, Cash's Lane, Coventry; Goodwin, S. T., 7, Lennox Rd., Longton, Stoke; Grime, Miss E. A., 13, Bride St., Bolton; Harte, J., 19, Cranbrook Rd., Parkstone; Hastings, G., 18, Hawthorne St., Bristol; Hemmings, Mrs. F. M., 34, Delville Rd., Wednesbury; Hickey, Mrs. M., 49, Avondale Park Rd., London, W.; Higham, R., 3, Jackson St., Chorley; Holden, R., 22, Sunny Bank, Manchester; Hughes, T. J., 83, Park Hill, Tredegar; Johnson, T., 232, Warrington Rd., Manchester; Jones, J. B., 11, Philip St., Robertstown, Aberdare; Kemp, L. J., Bassett, Kenilworth Rd., Fleet; Lawley, Mrs. E., 21, Brynhyfred St., Pontlanfraith; Lawson, Mrs., 39, Rose St., York; Lawson, Mrs. J., 99, Sackville Rd., Hove; Louth, G. C., 84, Warwick Rd., Luton; Maltby, Mr., 43, Ruby St., Sheffield; Miller, H., 86, Sedley Rd., Tooting, S.W.; Osborough, R., 202, Palgrave Rd., Gt. Yarmouth; Owen, B., 17, Llichard Terr., Bridgend, S. Wales; Passant, W. G., 26, Bourne Ave., Southampton; Penbertby, Mrs. W. J., 272, Fishponds Rd., Bristol; Pickat, Mrs. G., 2, Pitt Rd., Farnborough, Kent; Pledger, W. G., 2, Litters Cott., Merton Abbey, S.W.; Potts, H., 46, Links Rd., Cullercoats; Pritchard, A., 91, Derbyshire Lane, Manchester; Rhodes, J., School House, Market Harborough; Sewell, J., 22, Randall Ave., London, N.W.; Stanley, C., 1, Wainwright Ave., Manchester; Storey, J., 26, Mount Rd., Bexley Heath; Treadwell, W., 85, Queen's Head Rd., Birmingham; Wade, R., 9, Rossington Rd., Sheffield; Watson, Mrs., 169, Walthew Heath Rd., Birmingham; White, Mrs. J. G., Glen Rd., Belfast; White, Mrs. L., Paddocks Dairy, Bridport; Whitley, J., 26, Bryngwyn, Coedpoeth; Wiggens, M., 17, Fiddlen St., Chorley.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, December 27th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny," and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 442 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive 4s. 7d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

In addition to the above cash awards, the 58 winners sharing the £800 and each of the 442 sharing the £100 for Runners-up will receive shortly before Christmas an extra award of a Christmas Hamper.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSS-WORDS, 189: The entire £200 offered in this contest has been divided between 64 entrants and payments of £1 12s. 3d. are being despatched accordingly.

Another Splendid X-Word with a First 2-in-1 Prize of 20/- a Week for Life and £300 cash, and prizes for runners-up appears on Page 28.

Try your skill Now!

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to advertised articles, but every one is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Editorial Director shall be final.

GEORGE NEWNES LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON THIS PAGE.

PLAY BAGATELLE THESE WINTER NIGHTS 7/6 DOWN BRINGS A RILEY TABLE

Small 7/6 now and 10/- a month. Over 40 years' good name behind every Riley. Full size tables, cushions, cues and all accessories, slate bottom, Oak or Mahogany finish, complete with instructions. 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL GIVEN. Cash Price £6 10s. or 12 monthly payments of 11/-. Also 18 & 25 gns. All sold carriage paid.

32 BILLIARD TABLES FREE. Write for details and prize list

E. J. RILEY, Ltd., LATE WOOD, ARTHINGTON, And Dept. 62 Ld., Aldwych House, London, W.C.2.

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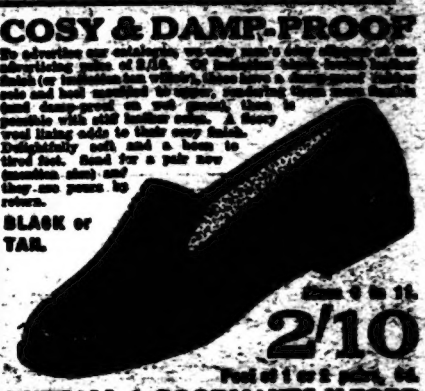
To advertise our catalogue, we offer men's fine slippers of the advertising value of 2/6. Of imitation suede, leather lined, fleece lining (or imitation fur where ordered), leather sole and heel moulded to shape, resulting these slippers are damp-proof on wet ground, there is possible with soft leather soles. A fancy wool lining adds to their cosy finish. Delightfully soft and a boon to tired feet. Send for a pair now (specify shoe) and they are yours by return.

BLACK or TAN.



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Post 6d 1 or 2 pairs, 9d.

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DRIVERS! 2/6 REAL LEATHER GAUNTLETS

simply marvel them, beautifully soft and looking better like Kayser, with fleecy wool flannel lining, warm fleecy wool flannel lining, warm and cosy, and all sizes, and colours, Brown or Tan, Wool, of 16, Jersey Road, London, E.16, was cured after 3 YEARS' SUFFERING. "Your Pomade has cured my bad ankle WHICH I HAD FOR 3 YEARS, and am now able to walk and work again." WHY GO ON SUFFERING that worrying, unsightly skin trouble? ANOTHER HOUR? Get relief RIGHT AWAY by calling or writing for FREE SAMPLE or 3/- trial size. Advice and Consultations FREE.

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Lady's fine Chromium plated Wrist Watch, 5-yrs guarantee, pay only 7/6

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(1) Prevents station you have never heard before received in any set without a trace of interference, and (2) eliminates (3) Sensitises every static noise, (4) produces truer tone, and (5) 50% more brightness, all guaranteed, in 10 to 20 seconds, with a simple twist of a screw—entirely concealed, needs NO alteration to set, and will last for years. Fitted in a few minutes by anyone. Price 2/6 only. Postage 6d. Fitted in any good radio or send this effort back to

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FREE 26

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ONLY 3/4 for 100 POST FREE

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(Or in hanks if desired)

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Lined Heavy Khaki Flannel.

Ideal for Motorcyclists, Drivers, Athletes and all outdoor work. Absolutely windproof, made from tough soft Canvas leather with cloth lined throughout. Large pockets with flaps, the cloth of which is also windproof. Wind and rain cannot penetrate. Supplies can only be made to suit ex-R.F. Limited number only for quick sale at

7/11 EACH. Postage 9d. extra.

Send order now, stating chest measure over vest, specifying if coat is required.

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KEEP YOUR CHEST EXPANDED AND AVOID WINTER ILLS.

Comfortable, neat, practical. Made of strong web, suede leather fittings and nickel adjusters.

State chest measure and send p.o. for

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Super quality silk 7/11. Cross over model for ladies 4/11.

Would make a useful Xmas Gift.

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Real Beva Boots

Amazing offer of nearly Half Price

Made from genuine Beva leather—the finest substitute for wear by Farmers and all outdoor workers. Upper 6 in. thick, yet soft and pliable. Double waterproof tongues. Three-fold English willow soles sewn and stitched, and leather heels and toes. Guaranteed absolutely waterproof. Sold elsewhere for 30/- and worth it. Our price to advertise our money-saving Catalogue 17/6 only, post 1/- or C.O.D. 6-11. Send NOW! Money back, if not pleased.

BEVA BOOT CO. (Dept. 38), SOUTHSEA. Also at Portsmouth, Winchester and Bristol.

17/9 Post 1/-

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Beautiful Christening Robes, Robe Slips, Afternoon Gowns, Nightgowns, Vests, Coats, Carrying Shawls, Veils, Bags, Flannels, Jaeger, Terry Nappy, Flishes and other articles needed for baby's layette.

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'Pomade' Ointment commences its CURE by stopping that awful pain and healing FOR GOOD at the first application and IMMEDIATE CURE starts in the worst cases very however bad Ulcer or Skin complaint WITHOUT LEAVING A SCAR.

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ANY QUANTITY SUPPLIED DIRECT FROM IMPORTERS TO USER

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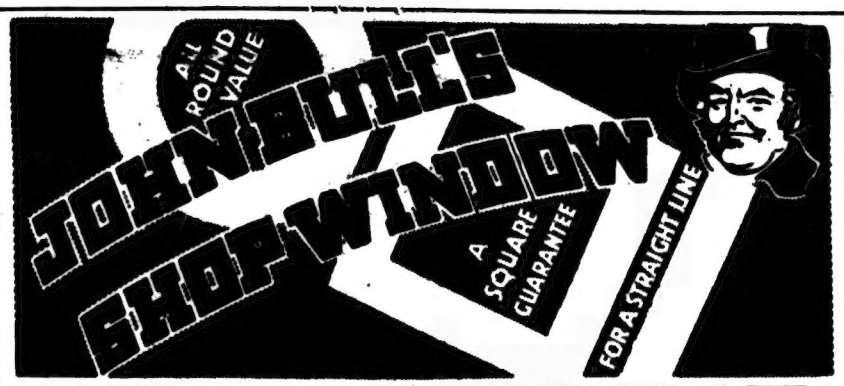
Write for Full Illustrated Musical List. The 'SOUTHERN ISLES' UKULELE BANJO You can play this delightful instrument with very little practice with the aid of our Lightning Tutor. Brass Inlaid Finger Board, sweet, mellow tone, solidly built; highly-polished finish. 30/- value for 11/9. We will send you one of these 'Southern Isles' real Ukulele Banjos upon receipt of your name and address. If entirely to your satisfaction you send 1/6 on receipt and 1/- fortnightly until 11/9 is paid. Full cash with order or balance within 7 days 10/6 only.

30/- value for 11/9

J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B. 49), 94-104, Denmark Hill, LONDON, S.E.5.



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Free Approval WE TRUST YOU

This Wonderful "Instantime" Stock Proof Wristlet Watch offers you the latest advance in time keeping efficiency and really hard wear. Hours, minutes, and seconds shown by Jumping Figures without hands or rims. 15 Jewel Lever Movement. Stylish Chromium Dust-proof case. Solid Hide Strap. Deposit refunded if you are not delighted. Send 1/- deposit only for immediate delivery. Balance payable 1/6 fortnightly until 39/6 is paid, or full cash within 7 days 39/6 only. Write to-day.

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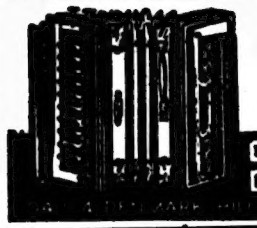

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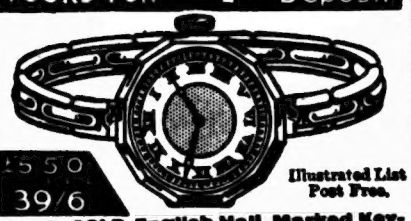

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EXTRA COMFY HOUSESHOES

Just the thing for housewear. Perfectly finished with solid rubber heels, soles and flexible uppers with Patent Leather appearance. A more comfortable shoe does not exist. Ideal for those troubled with tender feet, corns, bunions, etc. Definitely wetproof. Get a pair to-day and know what foot comfort really is.

Sizes 3 to 7. PER PAIR 2/6

Postage 9d. extra on one or two pairs.

Also Fashion Shoe (same as 1 bar), with Cuban heel, 5/6. Post 9d.

Footwear Specialists: J.B., CROYDON STORES, DERBY ROAD, CROYDON

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£4/4/- value for 35/- ONLY 35/- FOR EIGHT FULL-SIZE BLANKETS.

An absolutely unheard-of price. Guaranteed perfect in quality. Heavy-Weight Imperial Blankets, bordered and whipped edges. Will wear a lifetime. £4-4-0 value for 35/- Deposit Send for this Blanket Sale on approval. See the rich quality for this. There is no doubt that this is one of the world's Biggest Bargains

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£2.2.0 Value for 16/6 With Free Gift of Lady's Patent Shoes to every Purchaser.

LATEST PARISIAN MODEL

Produced in Fine Quality Chiffon. Finished Twill Back Velveteen, with 4-round Belt of Self Material; Neatly Stitched and Finished Fancy Buckle; New Style Art Silk Lace Edged Fancy Collar and Cuffs. The Skirt has Plain Yoke Top with Long Full Flare. A design of perfection, suitable for any occasion. Selected Shades of Navy, Black, Bottle Green and Nigger. Send 6d. Deposit and 6d. for postage for Free Approval. If satisfactory, send 1/6 fortnightly until 18/11 is paid, or balance within 7 days 16/6 only. Sizes, S.W. & W., all lengths; but 3/6 extra for O.S. sizes. Give Length and Bust Measurement. NOTE OUR FREE OFFER. Every purchaser has, free of charge, 1 pair of our 12/11 Lady's Black Patent Shoes as illustrated, all sizes.

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BRITISH TWEED OVERCOATS

VALUE 2 GNS.

Double breasted warm winter weight overcoats as usually sold at 2 gns. Fashionably cut, perfectly finished. British throughout. Made from fine quality Tweed, quiet Browns and Greys. Shaped back with vent. Strong Italian lining with buggy tape seams. 2 side and breast pocket. A really smart yet serviceable coat. Order now, stating chest measure.

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FOR 1 WEEK ONLY AT COST

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Sizes 6 to 11.

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13/3 DOWN brings prompt delivery of the 6 ft. slate Riley "Home" Billiard Table to rest on any ordinary dining table. You pay the balance by easy instalments. 7 days' Free Trial allowed, and Rileys pay carriage and take all transit risks. Riley "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables in various sizes and styles, are also offered for cash or easy terms. Send for Free Art List, describing them. Rileys are the largest makers of full-size Billiard Tables in Great Britain.

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For short period only to reduce stock. 1,500 ready for instant despatch. Full Length Bed Chairs with solid Oak frames, polished dark. 3 well filled velvet seat cushions, any colour. Fitted with our comfortable patent spring seats, patent number 352033/35. Guaranteed not to sag with wear. Call and inspect or send for free Coloured Catalogue H. Register or even P.O. Carr. and pack. England and Wales 2/6. No stamps.

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GARAGES.
10' x 7' £6 6 0
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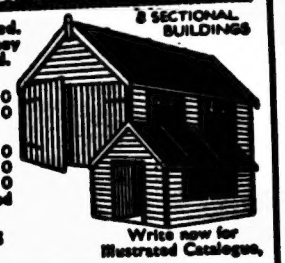

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76 beautiful garments (for Winter or Summer) Baby, Silk and Wool Shawl, Bath Robes, Lawn or Winceyette Day Gowns, Cloth, Flan. or Wincey Nightdress, Winceyette Vests, Bonnets, Flannelette Bands, Hand-knitted Wool Matinee Coats, Bootees, Pockets, Lawn Vest Stockings, etc.

SEND 2/-

PURCHASERS Write: "Highly satisfied." "Beyond my highest hopes." "Garment exquisite and cosy." "A bargain I shall certainly recommend." "Worth 25/- Etc.

FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL (Cash or Terms) Mrs. J.B. Howard, 68, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

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For Christmas.

THIS IS BRITAIN'S CHEAPEST PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE. YET IT IS EQUAL IN TONE AND APPEARANCE TO MODELS COSTING THREE TIMES THE PRICE. Fitted with the new all-metal Sound-Box for rich volume, holds eight 10 in. records, reliable, silent running motor. Strong case with metal corners. Every instrument tested and guaranteed. Send for one and enjoy a "record" Xmas SATISFACTION or MONEY BACK.

Worth Double

Delivery in 24 hours.

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12/6 VALUE for 4/9

Well tailored & full cut. Cost double the price to make.

Here's the line for Men requiring Trousers for really hardwear. Strongly made from serviceable, hard-wearing Winter Weight Navy Blue Melton Cloth. Two side pockets. Stocks can't last long. All sizes, 32 to 46 in. waist. Usual leg lengths. Cannot be repeated at this low price.

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Satisfaction assured or money refunded. State waist measure.

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ALL WEATHER SHOES FOR MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN

As illustrated with stout soles (as welted) moulded to beautifully polished uppers like patent. lined throughout, guaranteed to keep out snow, water and damp. These rubber shoes are being worn by the thousand for all occasions.

For men & women. Sizes 4 to 11, 3/9 per pair. Postage 9d. extra.

3/- per pair Children's sizes 11 to 3. Postage 9d. extra.

J.B., CROYDON STORES Footwear Specialists DERBY ROAD, CROYDON.

25/- SOLID RUBBER WELLINGTONS

Ideal for Farming, Garage, Fishing, Shooting, Stables, etc.

Huge cash purchase enables us to offer these high-grade Wellingtons at less than half original price. Superior in quality and finish to any being offered below 35/-. Knee length, with triple reinforced ankle and instep, extra thick non-slip sole, warm lining throughout. Finest quality rubber with dull black finish.

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*Town*_____

*County*_____

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Reservation Form.

To "John Bull," Dept. J.2.,
3, Arne Street, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

N.B.—Applicants must complete label on left. Affix half-penny stamp firmly to space provided—send in label, together with this Reservation Form—please write clearly—give YOUR name and full postal address.

I WISH to apply, in accordance with the conditions of your special offer, for a £1 1s. Presentation New Illustrated Universal Reference Book. Please send me by return a SPECIAL VOUCHER on which to qualify for my Presentation volume. My Newsagent (whose name and address is given below for verification purposes) holds a written order from me to deliver "John Bull" regularly each week.

Reader's Signature .....

Reader's Name (Initial Mr., Mrs. or Miss.) ..... WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Address .....

.....

Name of Newsagent .....

Address .....

Leave blank Checked and Verified District Supervisor.

Date .....

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Write your signature below.

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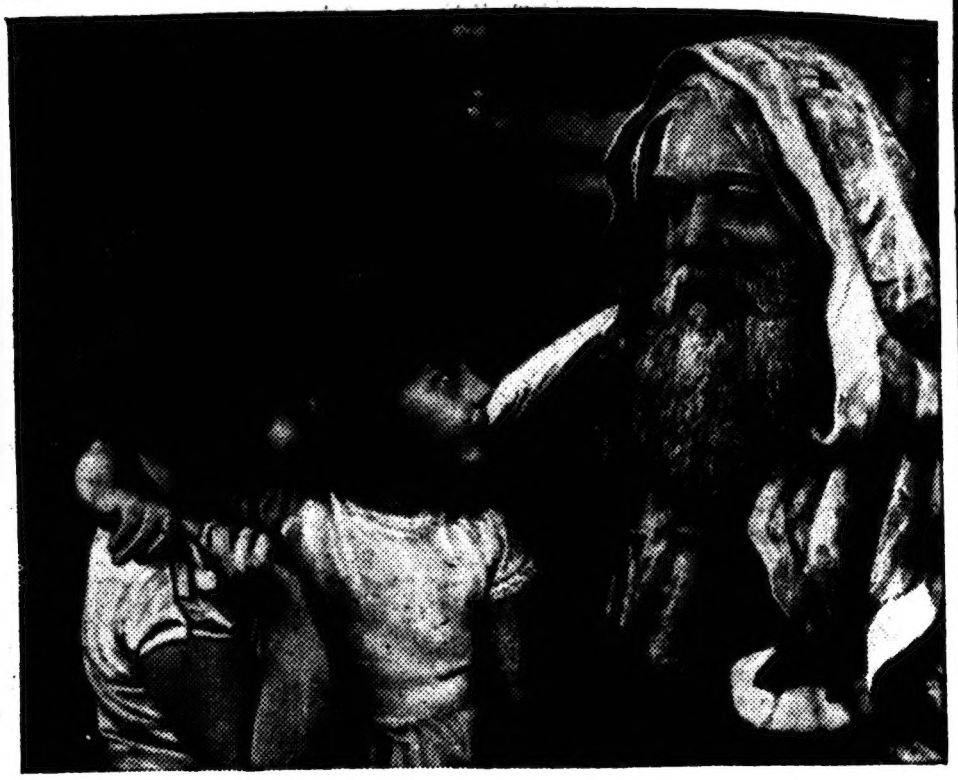

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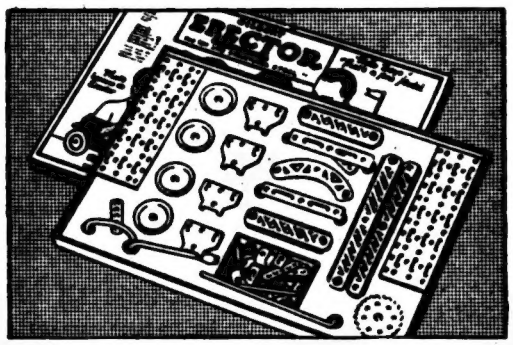

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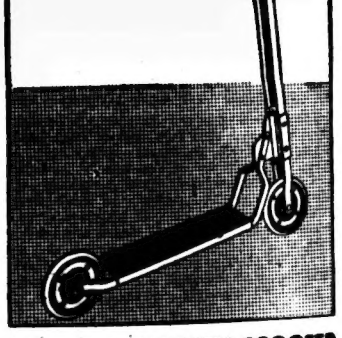

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Strongly made of steel. Length overall, 24 ins. height 28 ins. 160 Coupons

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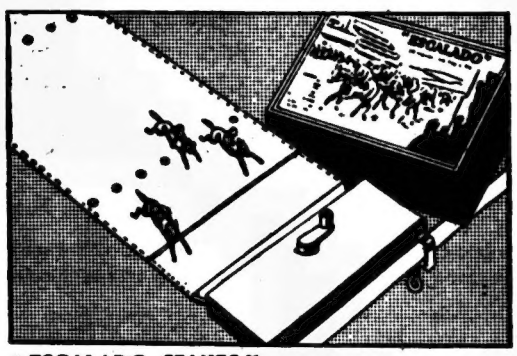

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JOHN BULL'S Christmas Number

THURSDAY,

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When Everybody *is* RICH

"Play yourself the part of Father Christmas"—that is the true spirit of the season

THIS is the time when all of us have to count our pennies, for we can't fill stockings with good wishes alone.

But it is also the time when everyone can feel rich and be rich in dispensing the spirit of good will.

Money matters, but it is not all that matters at such a time as this.

America will be none the merrier this Christmas just because she is full of hoarded gold and is not satisfied; and still wants more.

France, too, has loads of hoarded gold, and is desperately reluctant to lose even a few crumbs of the precious metal.

We in this country are carrying a burden of unprecedented taxation and meeting the almost intolerable demands of "economy."

And yet, at least from now until Christmas, we can be rich. All of us with a little or a lot in our purses can individually take a justifiable holiday from economy. We can be mildly extravagant with a good conscience.

WHAT though some of us have only a shilling or two to spend? Now is the time to spend it.

A shilling at Christmas is worth more than a shilling at any other time of the year if it is spent with the desire to give pleasure to someone else.

The power of every penny spent in this way is multiplied threefold, is thrice blessed. It gives a pennyworth of happiness to the receiver, a pennyworth of prosperity to business, and a full pennyworth of satisfaction to the giver.

Our richness between now and Christmas, therefore, is not to be measured in money alone, but in the good will that is behind our gifts.

True, we have some three million unemployed in our midst, and the heartfelt sympathy of the entire nation is with them at this time. But even the workless are richer now than at any other season of the year.

Even in their weariness and disappointment there are few indeed to whom Christmas does not bring the realisation that they still have staunch friends. And friendship is a wealth of the spirit that Fate itself is powerless to destroy.

And what of the still fortunate majority of us who can thank God for the privilege of work and independence? Every one of us is abundantly rich by contrast. Every one of us is able to contribute *something* to the stream of Christmas riches.

Economy, in the ordinary sense of the word, has ceased just now to be a virtue, and it may very easily become a vice.

It is worth considering for a moment, too, that apart from all motives of good will and humanity it was never possible to get better value for money than it is to-day.

Prices are at rock-bottom. The pound may be worth less in terms of dollars, but it has not lost a farthing of its purchasing power in our own country.

To the ordinary delight of Christmas shopping and Christmas giving may be added the zest of picking up splendid bargains.

There never was, in fact, a time when, for the general good of all, we have more to gain and less to lose by investing our carefully saved shillings or pounds or pence in good spending and good will.

Never a Christmas when it was more necessary to revise our ordinary list of those to whom we give presents—not to see who we can leave out, but who else we can put in. The family must come first, of course, but try to widen the circle outside it.

There is a deep satisfaction in giving to one's own friends and loved ones, but there is a quite special thrill in choosing a gift for someone who hasn't the remotest chance of returning it.

Many suggestions have been made just recently to this effect. One writer would have us "adopt" an out-of-luck family; another puts forward the idea of giving a holiday to the maid (if any) and carrying through the Christmas festivities without her.

BUT there can be no one plan to fit all our individual circumstances. True generosity lies in giving help where it is most needed. And it is *not* always most needed where it is most asked for.

Many a workless family—with little prospect of a Christmas dinner and none at all of Santa Claus stopping at *their* chimney for *their* kiddies—keep up a brave front to the world. To find and help a family like that is well worth the trouble. It is good to give, but it is still better if the giving costs us a little thought and trouble.

We do suggest, therefore, without going into details and without putting forward any particular plan, that this Christmas in particular we should all make a special effort to bring a little happiness to some family or some person quite outside our everyday circle of acquaintances.

Let us realise that we are as rich as we feel. And let us feel, and quite rightly, that, bad as things are, we in this country are probably better off than the people of any other in the world.

THE vast majority of us have some margin, however slender, between income and expenditure. And Christmas is definitely the time to draw a little upon this margin.

That, as we have said, is one part of the threefold value of every shilling we spend between now and Christmas.

Everywhere our shops are brilliantly cheerful with the most wonderful display of goods of every kind. Our choice is limitless in that respect, and, when we have chosen gifts for our own kith and kin, it certainly won't be difficult for any of us to think of less fortunate friends and their youngsters.

Make no mistake about it: this is the time when everybody is *rich*. Make the most of it. Give the children a Christmas they'll never forget. Give yourself the thrill of helping a friend who is not so fortunate as you.

Spend what you can afford in the true spirit of the season. And give with good will behind your gift. In short, play yourself the part of Father Christmas.

There is no better way of wishing and ensuring our friends and *ourselves*—a Merry Christmas.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Lord Mayor Acts on Our Graft Charges

Better News for Traders

The Parish Pump Prudes

MUNICIPAL bunglers all over the country are shaking in their shoes. And they have very good reason to be.

We have denounced them time and again in the past, and shall fearlessly continue to do so, whenever the occasion arises.

But never before has the result been so sensational as that which has followed our recent article, "Graft in a Great City," condemning the past mismanagement of Newcastle's municipal affairs.

We frankly demanded a Ministry of Health enquiry into the charges of bungling and corruption at Newcastle.

That enquiry is now to be made.

Lord Mayor acts

The Lord Mayor of that city, Dr. J. W. Leech, M.P., has publicly agreed to our demand.

At a meeting of the Council, he referred to our article and said it was an imperative necessity to investigate the charges, because "there was a stigma against the Council and every member of it."

Other scandals

We drew attention to the grave losses incurred in Newcastle housing schemes, which have already cost the city no less than £678,717.

There are other schemes which must be investigated. And they will be; for the Lord Mayor is to put before the Ministry of Health *any* evidence which citizens may produce.

We congratulate him.

Face them!

But that is not enough.

His lead must be followed by civic heads in other towns whose municipal administration has been strongly criticised by JOHN BULL.

Such charges as we have made can no longer be ignored. Newcastle has set the example. Others must follow.

Gleam of hope

Is the trade tide turning at last?

Well, railway goods traffic has been bigger lately—and the economists regard this as a sure barometer of industrial prosperity.

More raw materials have been going into the factories and more manufactured goods have come out of them. Let us all hope the increase isn't merely seasonal, but has come to stay.

Robbing Peter

But those who boast about the number of foreign factories started in Britain since the Tariff musn't forget the other side of the picture.

These foreign firms steal some of the business previously done by British manufacturers.

As the President of the Board of Trade has just pointed out, a German glass factory to be started here will employ thirty men—but will throw thirty men out of work in the Lancashire glass works.

Not very helpful, is it?

Word of warning

There's one thing the Government must do when it hands over house-building to private interests.

It must keep on the watch to see there is no attempt to engineer another ramp in building materials or land.

There will be great temptation to a few unscrupulous people, for the costs of housing schemes will no longer be submitted to the Ministry of Health for scrutiny.

Shameful!

Some of the girls who married Dominion soldiers during the war and were later deserted haven't seen their husbands since the Armistice.

But they must stay "lawfully wedded" unless they can find money to sue for divorce in the Dominion courts.

Sir Cooper Rawson, M.P., has been trying to persuade the Attorney-General to let them sue in the British courts.

But the law won't allow it. So alter the law!

The Lord Mayor is determined to clean up the council house of the graft charges laid at its door

Too much knife

There's one man in Whitehall who never hesitates to speak his mind. He's Sir George Newman, the Board of Education's medical expert.

Reporting on the great increase in the number of tonsil operations on school-children, he says that a large proportion of these operations are unnecessary, risky, and give little satisfaction.

Well, Sir George knows. We need add only that a doctor who is too fond of the knife is as dangerous as the motorist who is too fond of speed.

Stopping the bandits

There was a smash-and-grab raid on a jeweller's shop near Trafalgar Square the other day. A woman who was passing didn't faint or scream. She promptly grappled with the alleged raider and held him until help arrived. Then she disappeared.

The magistrate said that if the public always behaved in this way there would be fewer raids.

We agree, and we second his thanks to this plucky but unknown woman.

Taking the tip

Another JOHN BULL suggestion is to be carried out.

In our recent article, "Killing the Motor Show," we suggested that new models of cars should not be announced long before the show opened.

The motor manufacturers have just met in secret and decided to take the tip—so motorists will see something really new at future shows.

Labour of love

You may never have heard of Clydach Vale, a South Wales township, but we hope you will remember it in future.

Hemmed in by mountains, it hadn't an open space of any kind a few months ago. Then the town's unemployed decided to make one.

By hewing 30,000 tons of rock and earth from the mountain-side they have provided football and cricket grounds, tennis courts and bowling greens.

And if anyone thinks he can beat this labour of love, he's entitled to try. But we doubt if he'll succeed.

Secret

The wonderful performances of the Austrian footballers has started all sorts of schemes to get some of them into English teams. But the Ministry of Labour's regulations are in the way.

One well-known club, though, is planning to outwit these regulations. An Austrian player, it is hoped, would be allowed to land and stay in Britain ostensibly on business. Then he would be signed up to play for the club.

But will it work?

The best way

We like the sturdy common-sense of Mr. Justice du Parcq.

In giving permission for money to be paid to a widow, he objected to her proposal to spend £30 on a tombstone, and suggested that her child should be considered first.

Of course it should! People who spend a lot of money in honouring the dead do it with the highest motives, we know, but the best memorial is care for the living.

Did he mean it?

Mr. J. A. Aiton is a J.P. and is President of the Derby Chamber of Commerce, and he doesn't believe "there is a really deserving man who went to the war—unless he is very unfortunate—who is out of a job."

"We give them every consideration," he adds, "but we cannot guarantee an ex-Service man a job unless he is worthy of it."

Well, there are thousands of ex-Service men without jobs. Are they all unworthy—or very unfortunate?

Justice blinks

Justice may not be blind, but she often appears to be short-sighted.

For instance, a Dublin seaman smuggled sweepstake tickets into England.

Another seaman—a Liverpool greaser—smuggled 174,000 percussion caps on board a ship bound for West Africa, a country to which ammunition may not be exported. That ammunition might have caused the deaths of hundreds of Britons.

No joke

Well, for smuggling sweepstake tickets the Dublin seaman was fined £25. For trying to smuggle the stuff of war, the Liverpool man was fined £5.

And both cases were heard in Liverpool City Court.

If it wasn't scandalous, it would be funny. But not the type of fun we like.

Wisdom at Winkfield

Congratulations to Windsor and Winkfield—to Windsor on its magistrates and its police superintendent, and to Winkfield on possessing what seems to
good public-house with a sensible
lord.

The landlord has been grante
hour's extension for a carol servi
Christmas Eve, the police su
tendent saying that he had no obje
The carols are to be led by the c
choir and the vicar is to take pa
the service. So congratulation
them, also.

Cads and cats

If you wish to do something
beastly without going to jail just
a couple of cats to death, and at
ford you can get away with it.

Three men, named Buck, Kirby
Driver, all of Walthamstow, chased
caught two cats on a dustheap.
pelted them with stones until they
killed, and an inspector of the R.S.P
said one of the cats had a broken
and three broken legs.

Forty shillings each was the pen

Parish prudes

Lancing is a seaside resort in Su
with a parish council that is no
much pure-minded as muddle-minde

For it has decided to keep the
dren's swings locked up on Sunday

We don't know why it should
wicked for a child to play on Su
and righteous for his parents to m
or play golf on the same day.

But we do know that we should t
more of the Lancing parish prudes,
all others like them, if they sto
robbing the children of their harm
pleasures, on Sunday or any other

Sense and saving

The King's Proctor has just los
Divorce Court case in which he in
vened.

We are glad. Not because we h
any views about this particular case,
because we have very definite vi
about the existence of such an office

It stands for an intolerable sys
of spying which does far more h
than good, and the sooner it is aboli
the better. The Scots get on very
without it, and so can the English

Awful figures

The great Parisian dress snobbery
still going strong.

Two women were fined the other
at Folkestone for smuggling nine h
from Paris. When the value of
hats was said to be £53, counsel
served: "These figures sound awful
a mere man."

They do. And we know quite a
women who think they're awful, too.

Mind your step

There are still some so-called buildi
societies which issue queer endowm
policies.

A premium is paid for a number
years and the policy-holder can th
borrow for house purchase. But th
are pitfalls for the unwary in many
these schemes.

Readers considering such polic
should read the conditions very ca
fully—or write to JOHN BULL for advi

Rich idleness

The City of London paid £2,821 l
year for—nothing.

This money went in keeping a tug
the Tower Bridge to help any ves
that might get into difficulties throu
the working of the bridge. The t
has *never* been called upon!

But as the bridge cost more th
£30,000 to maintain, perhaps the £2,8
wasn't missed.

Cheers!

Let us end with a little good news.

It comes from the Registrar-Genera
review for 1931, which has just be
published. For the first time in t
years there were fewer road death
Deaths from tuberculosis made a fre
low record. There was a much sma
increase in the number of canc
victims than usual, and fewer mate
nity deaths.

And now let's hope the coming y
will make even better records.

Goal-posts with cross-bars from which footballs were suspended were carried in procession at a Kingston Hill church recently, when football teams attended Divine Service. The Bishop of Southwark questions whether such demonstrations are desirable

Keep the Church off "STUNTS"

by The BISHOP of SOUTHWARK

(Dr. R. G. PARSONS)

THERE is a deplorable tendency in certain parts of the country to attract people to the churches by means of "stunts."

Exhibitions of Yo-yo, one hears, have been given in the pulpit.

There is even a plan to introduce talking-films into church services, and negotiations have been taking place with film producers. The proposal is to produce English religious talking-films, the actors in which will be selected clergymen, and to substitute film versions of Biblical stories for sermons.

All this reminds me of a remark which a sergeant-major once made to me during the war. Referring to my efforts to persuade the men to attend religious services, he said, "I hope, sir, you are not going to try any of those fly-paper methods."

Those who believe in what they call "modern business methods" argue that advertising should be applied to the churches just as it is used to popularise a certain brand of petrol or a new sort of breakfast food.

Members of the community are to be coaxed into sampling a religious service much as they might be induced to sample a tooth paste. If they like the service, then they will come for more.

The means, so the argument runs, is justified by the end.

A *jazz nightmare*

CHURCHES may be built in coloured mosaics to resemble places of entertainment, floodlit and advertised with snappy posters. They may be used as hostels for hikers and provided with jazz organists—all this and more may be done, since it will help to bring the churches up to date and so persuade people to return to them.

I will not attempt to deny that methods of this sort might prove a "draw" to sensation-loving crowds.

In America, I am told, churches are often formed into limited liability companies, and no effort is spared to make them pay good dividends. But this has little or nothing to do with true religion.

The greater part of the Western World is perverted by blatancy and sensationalism. It is losing its spiritual values amid the noise and vulgarity of the present day. Souls are deafened to the still small voice.

In this roaring, swirling torrent of modernity the Church stands as a challenging contrast to the turmoils of everyday life. "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength." If the Church cheapens itself by coming down to the level of competitive commercialism, it will only succeed in defeating its own objects.

I am completely against the use of "stunts" to draw people to church, and by "stunts" I mean show or display for their own sakes and not as part of some deeper purpose.

Very little gain

IT has been argued that our Lord was somewhat given to sensationalism. It is true that many miracles are recorded of Him. He fed the five thousand, walked on the sea, turned water into wine at a wedding.

He did striking things, such as driving pedlars out of the Temple. He hung some of His parables round topical events and domestic affairs, in a way which must often have startled and sometimes shocked conventional people.

Note, however, that none of these arresting acts and allusions were "stunts." The miracles had some deep inner meaning or some practical humanitarian purpose—as, for example, when the sick were healed. The same is true of every action He performed and every word He spoke.

Can the same be said for exhibitions of Yo-yo in the pulpit, or light popular music played at a service on a church organ?

The only effect of such expedients would be to entice sensation-mongers to attend services in a spirit of idle curiosity, while the true worshippers will be driven to seek some other church, or stay away from church altogether. In fact, the net gain to true religion will be a minus quantity.

Behind all these demands for more up-to-date and compelling methods of drawing people to religious services lies the implication that the churches are poorly attended. It is as though the Church were represented as drowning and clutching at a straw.

Now, this gives quite a false impression of the true state of affairs. Many churches are very well attended. Almost without exception, wherever the clergy are men of character, preaching the Gospel of Christ with sincerity and conviction, there is no lack of worshippers.

All meretricious aids to the deep call of religion strike me as mere camouflage to conceal the fact that the clergyman has no real message to impart. Nothing can take the place of the Gospel. It is as if the people cried for bread and were given instead brightly coloured stones.

How can kinematograph films, however excellent the camera work or the production, take the place of the living Word of God?

Regarded as entertainment, religious films could never compete with the dramas of Hollywood and Elstree; while as aids to devotion they must fail because devotion is not something injected into the heart through sensations, but aroused within it as a natural reaction to the appeal of truth, goodness and beauty.

Moreover, if films are to be allowed as part of religious services, where are we to draw the line? Are we to have release dates, church film critics and clerical film idols?

Real improvements

HAVING said this, let me admit that I should not debar the kinematograph from a church altogether. In certain circumstances, though never as part of an ordinary service, it might be useful. For example, instructional films might be used to educate children and even adults in Sunday or week-day classes.

I am not one of those who believe that nothing in the externals of religion should ever be changed, or that the Church should neglect current tendencies of human thought and endeavour.

Apart from the expense, why not floodlight one's church? It would at all events call attention to the wretched architectural style of many churches, and perhaps lead to better ones being built by men who are able to express the religious feeling of to-day.

So, too, our hymn-books might be revised. Many hymns in use to-day are deplorable; why not exchange them for new ones written and composed by modern poets and musicians such as the men who were responsible for "Songs of Praise"?

Nor would I have any objection to churches being used for charitable purposes, such as night hostels for the homeless, or as halls where good music and sacred drama might be provided.

Every church should be joyously alive. It should not exclude drama, for drama is an expression of life. It is sometimes forgotten that the sacraments themselves are intensely dramatic. But they are not sensational.

I wish that more churches could perform religious plays, but unfortunately the congregations of only a few of them contain players who could do justice to the production.

I do not regard such things as "stunts" any more than I regard it as a 'stunt" to publish a bright, topical, humorous parish magazine instead of a dull, conventional one. To say that a church should avoid hollow sensationalism is not to say that it should be dreary and inert.

Processions, outdoor services, addresses by notable laymen and women who have something of special interest to say—all these are something more than mere empty gestures: they are proof of an inner vitality, without which a church must become dull and dead.

If the Inner Force is at work within a church, every one of its actions and expressions will be bold and significant, but if that Force is lacking, no variety of "stunts," however ingenious, will cover the deficiency

CHRISTMAS *with the* LIFE-O

BRITAIN at Christmastide! How different I expect to find it from Christmas in that primitive and rugged part of the world where for years I have been Santa Claus to five thousand people—whites and redskins alike—spread in lonely settlements over hundreds of thousands of square miles of country.

Here in England, where I am spending Christmas this year, church bells will peal over hoary meadows and family circles reunite round blazing fires—ice-cold fruits be taken from the toes of stockings and steaming puddings from the inner darkness of ovens.

There will be crackers, festoons, the spirit of Dickens and the veriest delirium of childish joys.

We, a teeming population, will all be companionable, crowding together for our celebrations We are never lonely at Christmas

But away on the wild Pacific coast of Canada, where my sledge must start without me this year for the first time for many years . . . Well, that is my story.

Land of solitude

It is no easy task being the missionary Father Christmas along the coast of British Columbia. Just imagine for a moment this country where I must, in effect, carry my sack of good cheer year after year.

It is made up of parallel ranges of mountains on which rests the eternal snows. Fast streams surge through the valleys, streams undisturbed by the hand of man, and so thick with salmon in their season that the fish sometimes shoulder each other out of the water.

And everywhere broods a strange silence and solitude—in the giant forests where walk the grizzly bear and the far more dangerous wild cat, on the gaunt mountain slopes, in the settlements of those Red Indians who make up a quarter of the population, and round the lumber camps far away from civilisation and often scores of miles from the nearest permanent habitation

It is about thirty years since I went out to act, among other things, as Santa Claus in a country many times bigger than Britain.

Voyage of mercy

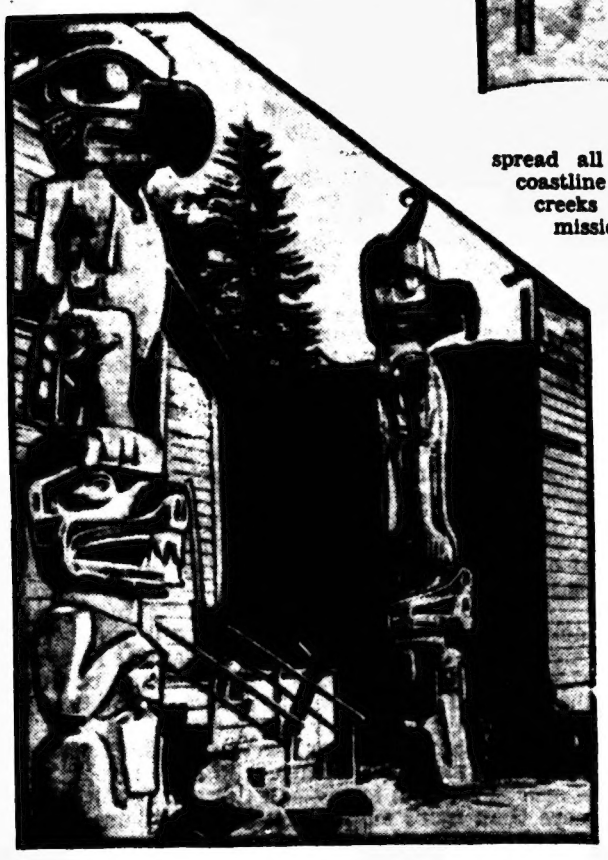
I built my own sixteen-feet dinghy in my own back yard and sailed her to this ragged coast to give spiritual and medical service to the scattered population, most of them the hefty lumbermen who fell the three hundred feet high giants that are the real kings of the world's forests.

I found vast areas without medical help of any kind, lonely settlements without a single woman inhabitant, other log villages in which a handful of women and children roughed it with the men, log villages lined with strange Indian totems, and everywhere the endless forests crowned by trees that would dwarf anything in England.

That dinghy I made at home was my first sledge as Father Christmas. Today I have our hospital ship, *Columbia*, of which I am skipper.

In connection with her we have three hospital bases and a modern operating theatre. For my work, with the help of God and the loyal helpers He has given me, has grown into a medical service spread all over the 7,000 miles of coastline of the inlets, bays and creeks that we serve—a medical mission similar to that built up by the famous Grenfell on the rugged coast of Labrador.

Towards the most northerly point of the rugged British Columbia coastline this Scotswoman has her home. See her here with Esquimo helpers shovelling snow to shield her shack from the biting winds



An Indian settlement at Alert Bay, a port of call for skipper Santa Claus

It is only at Christmas time that the *Columbia* is our sledge, so to speak. All through the year we sail in her, listening all the time for the SOS that will call us to the scene of some tragic accident, some case of serious illness, possibly hundreds of miles from where we happen to be at the moment.

"*Columbia . . . Columbia . . . Columbia,*" the Canadian Government wireless station calls until we reply that we hear the call. "Three men have been injured by a timber fall at Blunden Harbour. It is very urgent." And away we go.

And at Christmas there are the added duties of taking Christmas cheer into these loneliest corners of one of the loneliest countries in the world—corners that would otherwise be lacking in seasonal good cheer. *Columbia* sets out on a fortnight's cruise of a thousand miles, bearing a Christmas tree, a complete Santa Claus attire, a portable kinema, and toys for all the children we meet, most of whom seldom see anything in the nature of a plaything.

At a clearing in the heart of the forest, in an inlet that is almost frightening in its austerity, on a mountain slope, over the sheerest cliff, we hold our brief Christmas services and give a Christmas party to white children and Red Indian kiddies alike.

Dramatic call

Yet even when the fun is at its height we are listening all the time for that call, "*Columbia . . . Columbia . . . Columbia,*" that might bring our Christmas to an abrupt end and send us rushing away to give help that might make all the difference between life and death.

Let me tell you of our Christmas tour of 1928. We travelled 910 miles that time, visiting twenty-six places. Twenty-six Christmas celebrations—it doesn't seem much until I tell you about a few of them.

One of our earliest places of call was Echo Bay. Was there ever a stranger village in the world than that?

It is actually a floating log village where great heights frown down on the sea, and the floats which are its foundations actually served as our mooring posts when we made our way to the little wooden one-teacher school built on it.

Oh, you children who will make merry round your fireside this Yuletide and not know of the lot of other youngsters, think of these Christmas festivities in Echo Bay!

Sparkling eyes

Picture the mere handful of little faces smiling round our Christmas tree, eyes lighting up with delight when Santa Claus came in to distribute the simple toys. Imagine the healthy voices joining in the childish songs and carols that we were able to crowd in before we sailed away to the next celebration.

The next celebration! It was before an audience of one.

That afternoon we called at a lonely

"I have been Santa Claus to five thousand people—whites and redskins alike"—says the Rev. John Antle

part of the coast where little Dod Wright, four and a half years old born in one of our hospitals, was sole representative of childhood in th parts.

It wasn't enough that Doddie sho be the only child there. His moth had to be away when we called to g him his Christmas show! But th made no difference to us; we gave h his treat all on his very own. and th moved on.

We were moving to our next enga ment when *Columbia* received an SO and we were summoned to one of t most dreadful accidents we had ev attended. Fortunately, it happen quite near at hand.

Off the map

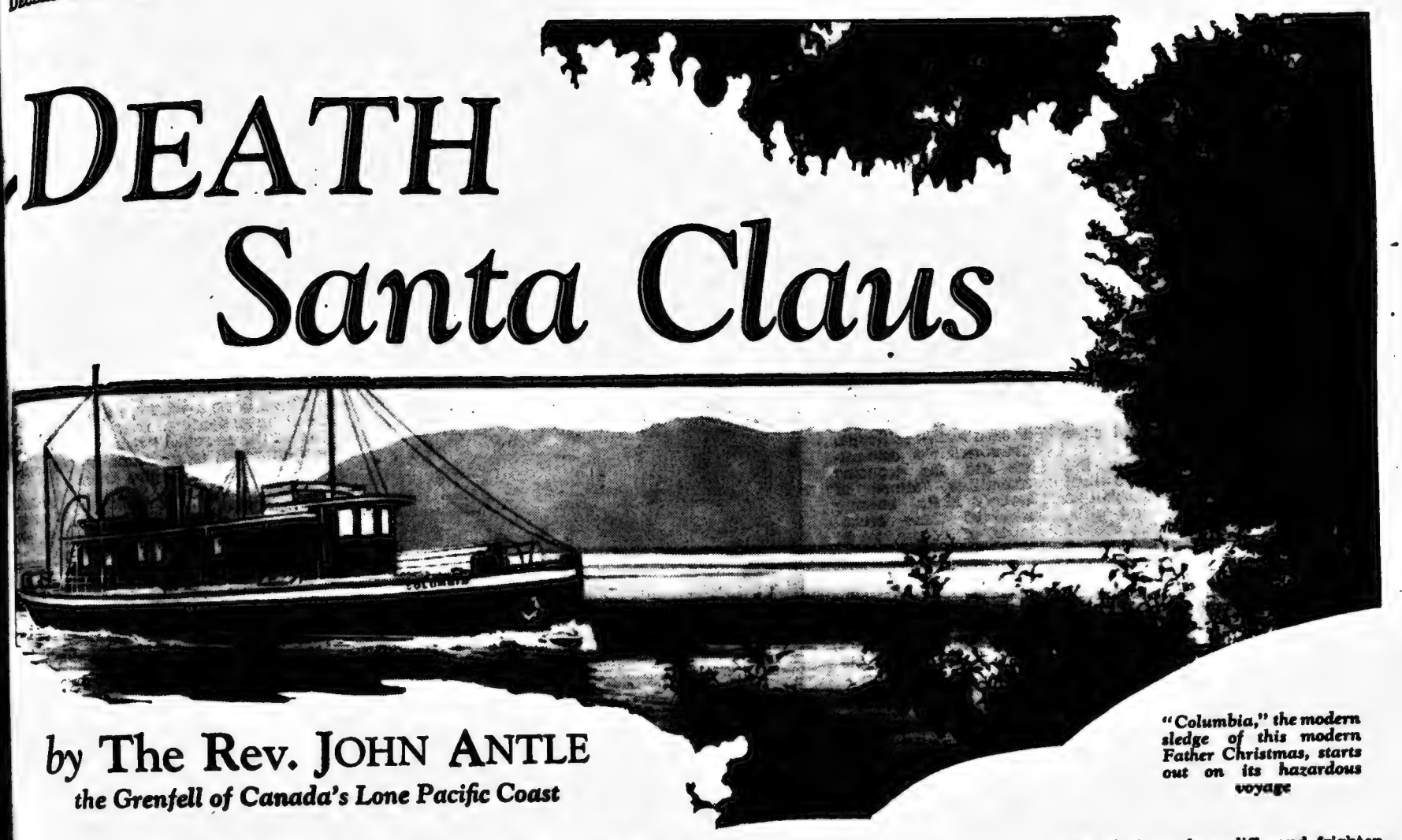
Peering about towards the scene the accident we saw in the distance small launch bearing a signal of distre And when the only man in it came board our vessel we heard from his li details of the accident, and thank God that our Christmas festivities h carried us near enough to give imm diate assistance to the poor victim.

We didn't bother about the launc We just sailed full steam ahead to t victim's aid, and left it to take care itself.

This is what had happened. A ca consisting of three men and two hors had grown up on a platform of fore hundreds of miles away from what yo in England would call civilisation. T platform was a thousand feet up fro the water, and so steep were the sid that a man with climbing "caulks" o his boots could reach the top only wi difficulty.

The "boss" was spending this Chri

DEATH Santa Claus



"Columbia," the modern sledge of this modern Father Christmas, starts out on its hazardous voyage

by The Rev. JOHN ANTLE

the Grenfell of Canada's Lone Pacific Coast

mas Day away from the camp, leaving only the two young men and two horses there.

Tragedy came when one of the men was taking his team of horses and a heavy load of wood over the rude bridge that crossed a ravine. All in an instant the bridge gave way, and, to the horror of the other man, his friend and the two horses and the load of wood were hurled into the ravine below.

What both of those men must have suffered, one mentally and the other physically!

Down the ravine lay the man who had been crossing the bridge, five ribs and a leg broken, and in this terrible condition actually pinned down by one of the dying horses—fighting, fighting all the time to avoid the frantic kicks from the iron-shod hooves of the horse that lay on him.

Real first-aid

His injuries were such that he should have lost consciousness. But if he had done so he would have been kicked to death by those whirling legs. As it was, the cuts and bruises on his head showed that he had not been entirely successful in avoiding them.

The man who had come to meet us had done the only thing possible. He had rushed to Greenway Sound for help, only to find that he could get none there. At least four men would have been necessary to have got his friend down the hillside, and there were not four men to be found in the vicinity.

So he sailed out to meet us and tell us this story, crying like a baby when he knew we were going to the aid of his pal.

It was big work that faced us that day, and unfortunately it was impossible to carry it out at once. We sent our doctor up the hillside to fix the victim up for the night, making him comfortable in a little shack. But we could not do more that night.

Then, when morning came, four of us went up the hillside and brought him down, taking more than an hour, such was the climb, to reach the point where he lay.

And then, gently and carefully, we carried him down to our Santa Claus ship and steamed away to leave him at our hospital at Alert Bay, where we were able to pull him through.

An awful Christmas experience, of course; but the fact that we had been able to be of such help made our Christmas tour, which we continued as soon as we got our patient safely in bed, all the more wonderful.

For two weeks we went on with our Christmas shows. And what country we saw in our passing!

There were places where we trod on rock knowing that a year ago there had been thick, soft, velvety soil there. Nature, who gave the soil, had taken it away again, eating right down to the rock that lay beneath.

Let me tell you how it happens. It will help you to understand the story of my work as missionary and Santa Claus.

Four, five hundred years ago the landscape had been one of rock in the places I am mentioning. Then the seeds from queenly trees in the forest were held in the stony crevices, which fed them with water through the centuries until they grew into 300-feet tall trees as fine and commanding as their parents.

Year after year the leaves had fallen, forming, through the passing centuries, a soil which the sun never reached because the trees overhead had become too tall and thick.

Silent voices

Then at last came the lumbermen, and the mighty trees crashed to the ground; the soil, catching the sun again for the first time for centuries, caught fire and smouldered down to bare rock again.

So what had been a countryside of rock hundreds of years ago returned to hard, bleak rock again. . . .

But let us steam on to our journey's end. On the very last day we sailed into tragedy again. Two very fine young people—Leonard Davis, of Port Hardy, and Geraldine Darrock, of Blunden Harbour—had sailed out from Blunden to Hardy Bay and had not arrived.

The Sound was searched by boat. The wireless voices talked across great open spaces and an aeroplane arrived from far inland to help us in our quest. But all that was found was the wrecked boat. No sign at all of that fine boy and lovely girl who, only a few days before, had shared in the Christmas fun on the *Columbia* when she called.

A tragic Christmas, indeed. But then life is like that in the more primitive parts of the world, Christmases included.

Hazardous life

We never know, as we sail round with our Christmas cheer, whether our next gift will be a toy for some lonely child, or the offer of life itself to some poor fellow struck down in one of the loneliest outposts of Empire.

Fate strikes hard when it strikes in places like these. Logging is dangerous work and deals out much more in the way of serious multiple injuries than in minor mishaps. . . .

Well, my floating sledge has started on her Christmas tour again along this coast of stupendous cliffs and frightening fiords—without me this time. I wonder where she is now?

I hope she is having good luck.

While she looks into Blunden Harbour and moors again at the floating village of Echo Bay and leaves another little toy for lonely Doddie Wright, I am looking for a faster and better boat, which I intend to sail across the Atlantic to where work awaits her.

She will be my sleigh when next I am Santa Claus, and I am hoping to give Londoners a chance of inspecting her on the Thames before I set out.

If you should see her, think of those of your kith and kin and the many others, too, who depend on her for medical treatment, their simple Christmas and much else besides—one day, maybe, for their lives.

I know you who read this article will be thinking of them this Christmas, amid the joys of Christmas in the family circle. And take it from me, they deserve it.

The Human Machine

SELF-HEALTH

EVER since the days of the Romans it has been recognised that bodily health and mental fitness go together. "A healthy mind in a healthy body" is a tag known to every schoolboy.

It is everyone's duty to keep fit—to keep fit mentally and to keep sound physically. "The world can manage to get along without too much genius," said someone the other day, "but it cannot get along without a very high percentage of health. And health—physical, mental and moral—is very largely a matter of taking pains to keep fit."

What is health? It is not just a mere avoidance of illness. Lots of people are rarely or never ill, but they're certainly not healthy. For health implies a very definite positive quality—the possession of a sort of atmosphere that radiates from us and makes everyone else feel better for being with us.

Many people search for this radiant and abounding health, but few find it. For it is not the gift of doctors, nor the result of formulæ. It is something far subtler—yet even easier to obtain. Real health is something that comes unsought and unasked to those whose minds are busily occupied with other things. It is the reward of activity, just as illness is so often the fruit of stagnation.

The healthiest people are those who are so busy keeping well that they haven't time to be ill. Their minds are full of positive thoughts, just as their bodies are always engaged in positive action. They're always looking outwards at life instead of inwards on themselves. They're planning instead of brooding, enjoying life instead of finding it a burden.

Health and happiness are alike in this, that you can't find them by looking for them. But they're the rewards of every contented mind.

You're on the WRONG SIDE

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to Sir Henry Brackenbury

DEAR SIR HENRY,—I am the last one to attack what is called Paternalism. You would find it hard to class me as, in any sense, on the side of the mad Economy Ramp which is now stopping progress in every department of the nation's life.

Yet even this money-saving mania—"anything to save the cherries," they used to call it—has a few good sides to it.

It seeks, for instance, to control the lunacy of the Lunacy Board of Control which, by the wholesale certification as mental defectives of boys and girls, merely backward at school, has caused to be incarcerated by official kidnappers a great new class of children who, after working-class homes have been scoured, have been caught and locked up.

Then, with great numbers of others who have got into trouble with the police for small misdemeanours, they may be, for all their parents know, incarcerated for life, mixing in the asylums with maniacs, perverts, people suffering from every form of mental and physical degeneracy.

* * *

Yet when public indignation has at last struck at the Lunacy Bosses a real blow, you, as chairman of the Council of the British Medical Association, one of the strongest trade unions in the world, defend the system.

"We have to protect the patient from the evil influences in the community rather than protect the community from those unfortunate persons," you say.

What an indictment of the great mass of mankind! If the community is as bad as all that, we must all cut our throats.

Surely you do not mean it!

The public is gradually beginning to resent the idea that "mental deficiency" has become so popular among doctors that, in less than ten years, the cost of the service dealing with its alleged commonness has increased from £14 to £38 per 1,000 of the population. Every asylum inmate now costs the taxpayers and ratepayers £500 a year. Surely nearly £10 a week for a lunatic is a bit thick.

I find it strange to find myself on the same side as such bodies as Neville Chamberlain's committee and the economy committee formed of seventy M.P.s, because some of these economists, of course, would stop anything.

* * *

It is a new thing to hear, Sir Henry, that people imprisoned as mental defectives "require to be protected from the evil influences of the community."

Fancy the community being worse than so-called lunatics! Fancy imprisoning children for life to protect them from "the evil world."

Such nonsense has never been heard since the witchcraft days. Arguments like yours sound like those of desperation. They seem merely an eleventh-hour attempt to save a system that has been condemned.

Now, as for petty misdemeanours, do you not remember that Nelson was let down from his bedroom so that he could steal apples? We have all stolen apples, or something, when we were children—yes, all of us.

If we belonged to good-class families, we merely got a spanking at home. If we were poor, sometimes we got charged in the local police court, and were birched, or sent to prison, so that we became branded as criminals for life.

But we all did it—yes, even most of the present bishops, I expect.

As for backwardness at school, many of the world's most famous men were dunces once.

Not long ago, a lunatic was somebody who was dangerous to other people. Now, under the new ruling which has enabled hundreds of doctors to hold fresh-created jobs, there is a completely new conception of what is mental deficiency.

* * *

Although the law is that only imbeciles, feeble-minded, and the morally defective shall be placed in institutions, doctors now interpret "feeble-minded" to mean children who cannot absorb school teaching, in the silly mechanical way it has to be Robotised nowadays, at the speed of the rest of the class, or else children who, out of sheer mischief, steal a few apples or sweets.

This idea, if logically followed to its conclusion, would incarcerate at least half of the community.

There is no evidence, say the Government investigators, that more than a few of the so-called "mental deficients" are improved in condition by the treatment your doctors give them.

The children are just shut up—and there most of them stay. And they stay there by the unchecked will of the people who send them there!

* * *

Mind you, I should be with you if you were defending the medical services generally.

Much of this attack on so-called "waste" is merely a niggardly and mean attempt to stop the rise of democracy. Much of the attack on the social services is an attempt to suppress the poor.

Is it almost by accident—or is it because of the JOHN BULL exposure—that the "Economy Committees" have discovered that the Lunacy Bosses whom you defend are wasting money?

Anyway, when their views were printed, it came as a message of hope to grief-stricken fathers and mothers in thousands of homes from which innocent children have been snatched in recent years.

"These legislators have no biological knowledge," you reply.

I am afraid arguments like that have been used against all reform, since the beginning of time.

A few exclusive people have always used big words, or scientific-sounding phrases, calling them complete arguments against any humanitarian or apostle of freedom.

We cannot take the doctors as the judges. We must rely on public opinion.

And public opinion, Sir Henry, is against you this time.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Mr. F. LLEWELLYN-JONES, M.P.,
London, S.W.1

DEAR SIR,—The Government's party managers have decided to ostracise you by withdrawing the official "whip" because you've sometimes voted with the Opposition.

But I hope you won't take it too much to heart.

To vote according to your conscience—even at the risk of incurring official displeasure—is a wholesome example that *all* politicians should follow.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL,
London, S.W.1

DEAR WINSTON,—You've certainly caused a fine row in Dundee. But you are now deleting the passage in your new book which charges the town with bestial drunkenness.

You say, though, that your impressions were derived from personal observation. If that is so, why climb down?

Personally, I think you were talking through one of your celebrated hats.

JOHN BULL.

LORD MELCHETT,
Smith Square, London, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—You tell us that it is possible for scientists to treat a joint—in the laboratory—so that it will grow indefinitely and remain the same size though cuts are continually made from it.

But first we must find the scientist who can provide us all with the initial joint.

I'm afraid that is impossible so long as our politicians continue to make blind cuts in other directions.

JOHN BULL.

SIR HENRY BOWLES, Enfield: Women have no moral misgivings about swindling, you say. All generalisations are false—yours is also silly.—JOHN BULL.

Miss TONIA WELTON,
Sutton, Surrey

DEAR TONIA,—I like you better than Little Jack Horner.

He went alone in a corner with his pie and patted himself on the back when he pulled out a plum. You had a birthday, and invited forty poor children from a London slum to your party.

I know you'll have a happy Christmas, little girl!

JOHN BULL.

Brig.-Gen. H. C. CHOLMONDELEY,
Wem, Shropshire

DEAR GENERAL,—After a long and adventurous military career, you are well known as one of the fittest men and hardest riders in the county.

You've certainly proved your fitness, for a few days after your eightieth birthday you became the proud father of a fine baby.

Many happy returns of the day!

JOHN BULL.

Councillor L. MACLACHAN,
Mayor of Eastbourne

DEAR SIR,—So your corporation is in trouble again.

It has decided to send a private report on alleged irregularities with regard to municipal contracts to the Director of Public Prosecutions.

But why not publish the report? After all, any ratepayer can go to the town hall and read the minutes detailing the allegations.

And, as I said recently in connection with other complaints against your council, your best plan is to face your critics openly. Secrecy breeds suspicion.

JOHN BULL.

LORD LUKE,
Portman Square, London, W.

DEAR LORD LUKE,—Allow me to congratulate you and your good lady on having achieved thirty years of married bliss.

At your pearl wedding party you said the secret of your contentment was that you have the perfect partner. You might have added, "in seeking the happiness of others," but you were too modest to mention your work as Chairman of the British Charities Association.

Long life to you both!

JOHN BULL.

RICHARD KNOTT,
Phoenix Street, Goole

DEAR RICHARD,—Like everyone else, I have been thrilled by your magnificent exploit of saving your ship, the collier *Nephrite*, when it was battling with terrific storms off Cape Wrath.

For a lad of eighteen, you showed exceptional fortitude in clinging to the wheel for thirty hours after the captain and mate had been knocked unconscious.

I add your name to my list of heroes.

JOHN BULL.

Alderman W. E. WILFORD,
Lord Mayor of Leicester

DEAR LORD MAYOR,—Is London's meat Leicester's poison?

For in London street traders are regarded as picturesque figures. While in Leicester they are being banned, and as many as seventeen have appeared in the police court in a single morning, some being sent to jail.

Perhaps your Watch Committee doesn't understand a man's desperate necessity to earn a living somehow. If not, I hope you'll teach it.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JUSTICE McCARDIE,
St. James', London, S.W.

MY LORD,—When sentencing two motorists—one a company director and the other an accountant—for manslaughter, you also ordered them to pay the costs of the prosecution.

Good! Well-to-do people should not be allowed to foist the cost of their offences on the public.

JOHN BULL.

WILLIAM J. WILLIAMS,
Coedygrit, Monmouthshire

WILLIAMS,—You did well to resign before the public enquiry into your conduct as a workhouse master was concluded.

Your one saving grace is that you took this step in time to prevent a number of mental defectives from having to face the unpleasant ordeal of public examination. But if half the evidence was true you are certainly unfitted to have charge of any institution.

JOHN BULL.

THE FEAST of the CHILD

"The spirit of Christmas is abroad," and little noses are flattened against the glass of the magic shop-windows . . .

by

A. G. GARDINER

THE world is very evil and the times are waxing late, as the hymn says; but happily nothing can quench the spirit of Christmas.

Indeed, it glows brightest when things are blackest, and in these days of gloom London is all aglow and a walk, say, from Charing Cross to the Marble Arch is as full of thrills and entertainment as a fair.

And so throughout the land. The shop windows are ablaze with colour, the pavements are thronged with happy faces and all seems merry as a marriage bell. For the spirit of Christmas is abroad and with its unconquerable optimism has bidden Dull Care begone.

It is the happiest inspiration of the Christian calendar that makes the Christmas season the festival of the child. That season comes to renew our faith in ourselves and to give us new vistas, beyond the perplexities of the moment. It reminds us that though the year is at zero and the night encompasses us there is a dawn ahead, and—

"Bliss is it in that dawn to be alive
And to be young is very heaven."

A thousand memories

The old generation may have been a failure; but lo! here is the new generation with its eyes of wonder and its spirit of joy to take the torch from our hand and carry on the good fight, fearless and unafraid.

And so we dedicate this season, which commemorates the Birth that changed the current of the world, to the home and the child.

Everything about it is hallowed to us by a thousand happy memories. We used to begin counting the weeks and then the days to it as soon as the summer holidays were over. November the Fifth, apart from its own glories, had an added rapture because it was a landmark on the way to the crowning festival.

With what exhilaration we heard the first waits crunching up the gravel path, whispering outside the door and then singing "Good King Wenceslaus" and the "First Noel" in their childish trebles. We did not care how soon they came, for they were harbingers of the good time. They brought us within the orbit of Christmas, and now there was no looking back.

Awaiting the magician

Now we could give rein to all our joyous expectation and speculate on what that benevolent and mysterious magician Father Christmas would do for us, or, if we had penetrated his amiable disguise, what designs Aunt Jane or Uncle John had in mind.

If we were lucky enough to live in the country there were the explorations in search of holly, followed on Christmas Eve by the delightful task of decorating the house for the glorious morrow.

And so to bed. Perhaps to sleep. Perhaps, if we were getting sophisticated, only pretending to sleep and waiting, not for the descent of the magician down the chimney, but for the cautious opening of the door and the muffled sounds at the foot of the bed that announced the arrival of unknown treasures.

And the morning's waking and the delighted discoveries, and the sound of the church bells and the Christmas carols, and the feasting and the fun, and the uncommon privilege of "staying up late" with the elders, who sang songs and told us stories and made shadowgraphs on the wall and danced with us round the Christmas-tree—"We see it all so plainly as we saw it long ago."

We are told that the old-fashioned Christmas festival has gone with the old-fashioned winter. It has become a grown-up sophisticated affair which we celebrate, not in our own homes, but in luxurious hotels in London and at the seaside, with jazz bands playing, and gorgeous waiters and paid entertainers to amuse us.

It would be a pity if this were true; but it is not true.

There are changes, of course, in the Christmas customs of the well-to-do. The great country house parties of the past have gone or are going, for the great country houses can no longer be maintained. It is this fact which is largely responsible for the modern vogue of the commercialised hotel Christmas, with its spectacular attraction and its heterogeneous company.

There is much to be said for it. It is a marvellously organised affair which puts all our domestic revelries in the shade. It saves money, releases the household staff, and spares the hostess a world of anxiety and labour.

Futile cranks

You can even preserve your own family group in the midst of the whirl of the general gaieties. And to those who are lonely and have no domestic ties the hotel Christmas offers a welcome refuge at a season when loneliness is especially hard to bear.

Far be it from me to speak slightingly of the hotel Christmas. But, with all its merits, it is no substitute for the festival that centres in the domestic hearth, gathers together the scattered family and is dedicated to the children.

Nor is there any fear that it will ever displace for the vast mass of the people that homely ritual of Christmas. Children, it is true, are growing fewer and there are iconoclasts who would like to obliterate the home and make us all the offspring of that abstract horror the State, without the affiliations of flesh and blood that give life its richest values.

But these desolating cranks have always been with us and are futile now as they have ever been.

They hold the stage

The institution of home has emerged from the primal necessities of human nature, and so long as those necessities remain it will survive the gibes of the arid philosophers and pedants who hate the idea of home because they don't happen to be human, and scorn our traditional Christmas for the same reason.

And though children are relatively fewer than they used to be, they are not less cherished in the home, nor less the centre of our Christmas festival. Indeed, it would be easy to show that there has been no more striking change in the life of this country during this century than that which has taken place in the status of the child.

Whatever complaints we may make against the social conditions that prevail, it cannot be denied that the lot of children to-day is startlingly better than it was twenty-five years ago and unbelievably better than it was a hundred years ago.

No more Tiny Tims

When Dickens wrote his Christmas tales Tiny Tim was not a sentimental fiction. Nor were the horrors endured by "Little Work'us" or the inmates of Dotheboys Hall fantastic inventions. They did represent an attitude to childhood which is to-day simply unthinkable.

If Dickens were writing now, he would doubtless find other material for his passionate indignation; but he would find no Tiny Tims and no infamies of child life such as those which are recorded in the pages of the Hammonds' great history of the Industrial Revolution.

In spite of all our discontents, humanity is on the march. And it is the glory of this generation that it has given the child a front place in the procession.

Let us salute him at this season as the chief inspiration of our festival and wish him a Merry Christmas.

Not from the B.B.C.—Lord Salisbury on—

Coronets and Cricket

I STAND before you, unashamed,
A simple British peer,
My head unbowed, my heart untamed;
Though low-born critics jeer,
I still maintain a person's worth
Can best be measured by his birth.

The House of Lords for centuries
Has proved my argument,
For legislators such as these
By Providence were sent
Into the world to keep in check
Mere plebs., who would the country wreck.

Though satirists in shoals arise
And critics shout their scorn,
I never will apologise
For being nobly born!
You ask what Baron Blank has done?
I answer: "He's his father's son!"

Call me and my fellow-peers "die hards," "backwoodsmen," "dug-outs," or anything else a vulgar vocabulary may suggest, but you will not alter the views I expressed at the United Club.

As I pointed out, when Mr. Lansbury or Mr. Maxton comes into power there will be nothing to protect us (and by "us" I mean the country as a whole, including any misguided voters who may elect a Party of which I disapprove) but the House of Lords.

Let it be understood that I am not opposed to reform of the House of Lords. On the contrary, I am in favour of it—as long as it does not involve abolition of the hereditary principle.

Some people contend that this is like announcing that one favours Prohibition as long as it does not involve the abolition of alcohol, but I cannot chop logic with critics of this kind.

Our opponents argue that to be born with a silver spoon in one's mouth does not imply the presence of an orator's silver tongue, and that a coronet on one's head is not necessarily a proof that there is anything underneath it except, possibly, a spot of baldness.

Nevertheless, I adhere to my statement that "the abolition of the hereditary principle would be a shock to the people of this country," for this principle "deeply impregnates the whole fibre and substance of the race." This last statement has been hotly disputed by those who contend that modern democracy judges a man by what he is, not by what his father or one of his remote ancestors may have been.

We do not, these critics point out, select Prime Ministers or even office-boys on the hereditary principle. This, alas! is true, but our country would be a happier place if we did!

When we're better educated
In a scientific way,
Matters will be regulated
Much more wisely than to-day;
M.P.s then won't be elected,
Seats will be hereditary,
And all those will be rejected
Who possess no family tree.

I'd apply this, too, to cricket:
In a Test team none would play
If his forebears at the wicket
Had not paved for him the way.
Than to Sutcliffe I would rather
Give a chance to show his pluck
To a lad whose great-grandfather
Once at Lord's had made a duck!

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Two Bad Film Kings

SCOTLAND YARD should interest itself without delay in the affairs of St. Davids Film Productions, of Napier House, 24-27, High Holborn, W.C.1.

A number of people who have been induced to finance the concern and others who have given credit to the extent of some hundreds of pounds are now complaining that their money is gone.

We are not surprised, because many of those associated with St. Davids Film Productions were lately engaged in the John Amery group of companies which we recently subjected to rigorous criticism.

Enquiries we have made concerning the activities of this alleged film company disclose the fact that two of the prime movers are David Edward Greig and William Ronald Hutchinson.

That these two are a pretty pair is illustrated by a long list of "dud" cheques, broken promises and unpaid bills.

After various queer activities, Greig turned his attention to films. He became manager of John Amery's affairs and acquired the services of one of John Amery's secretaries.

He paid this young woman several weeks' salary with a cheque which promptly came back.

Who was the fool?

It was, seemingly, while acting as manager for John Amery's business that David Edward Greig, who is also known as Walker, Stephen and O'Brien, became acquainted with William Ronald Hutchinson.

Hutchinson is one of the Bright Young People, handsome and debonair.

It was he who registered St. Davids Film Productions and, appropriately enough, he did it on the first of April.

Originally another man was connected with the concern, but after some months Hutchinson introduced Greig. Then began a high life interlude in the best movie manner which led to the third man severing all connection with them.

An expensive flat was taken in the Temple and offices were secured in High Holborn. Costly letter-heads were printed, complete with telephone number, cable and telegraphic address, the name of the company and the heraldic figure of a wyvern rampant as the crest.

A major was induced to invest £150 in the concern on the understanding that he would be given employment, and another man was also prevailed upon to put up money on the same story.

A tailor was tricked into supplying clothes to the value of £34. After repeated efforts to obtain payment he was given a cheque for part of the amount. This was promptly returned.

Further applications for payment eventually produced another cheque signed by both Hutchinson and Greig for the St. Davids Film Productions Trustee a/c, but this, too, was returned.

In the meantime this precious pair had been thrown out of the Temple flat for non-payment of rent amounting to £60 and a telephone bill of £42, and had gone to live in one of the most expensive West End hotels.

Living on "tick"

There the tailor sought them out, but could not obtain any satisfaction.

While staying at the hotel, Greig and Hutchinson secured a luxurious car, but as usual neglected to complete the financial arrangements and the owners eventually took it back.

That two such lavish gentlemen should be without a car was not to be tolerated, and Greig promptly obtained another high-powered model on hire purchase.

In this case, also, he neglected to complete the payments, and the owner finally had to fetch the car from a garage in Birmingham.

The scale upon which these two men were living at this time is shown by the fact that their hotel bill for one week was £70, which was paid.

Hearing rumours of their financial position, the management pressed for settlement and eventually secured a little more than half the amount due for further accommodation.

The pair then moved to another expensive hotel, where they ran up a bill, £20 of which remains unpaid.

"Singing for luck"

Not content with being unable to settle their own bills they gaily undertook the settlement of others.

In October last we find Greig writing to the management of still another luxurious West End hotel undertaking to settle the account of a certain woman and her maid and making arrangements for their continued residence there.

This woman's bill for one week had the modest total of £78 17s. 3d.

Almost at the same time as Greig was undertaking to pay this mere trifle, William Ronald Hutchinson's personal cheque on the Credit Foncier d'Algerie et de Tunis for 25s. was being returned to the luckless holder.

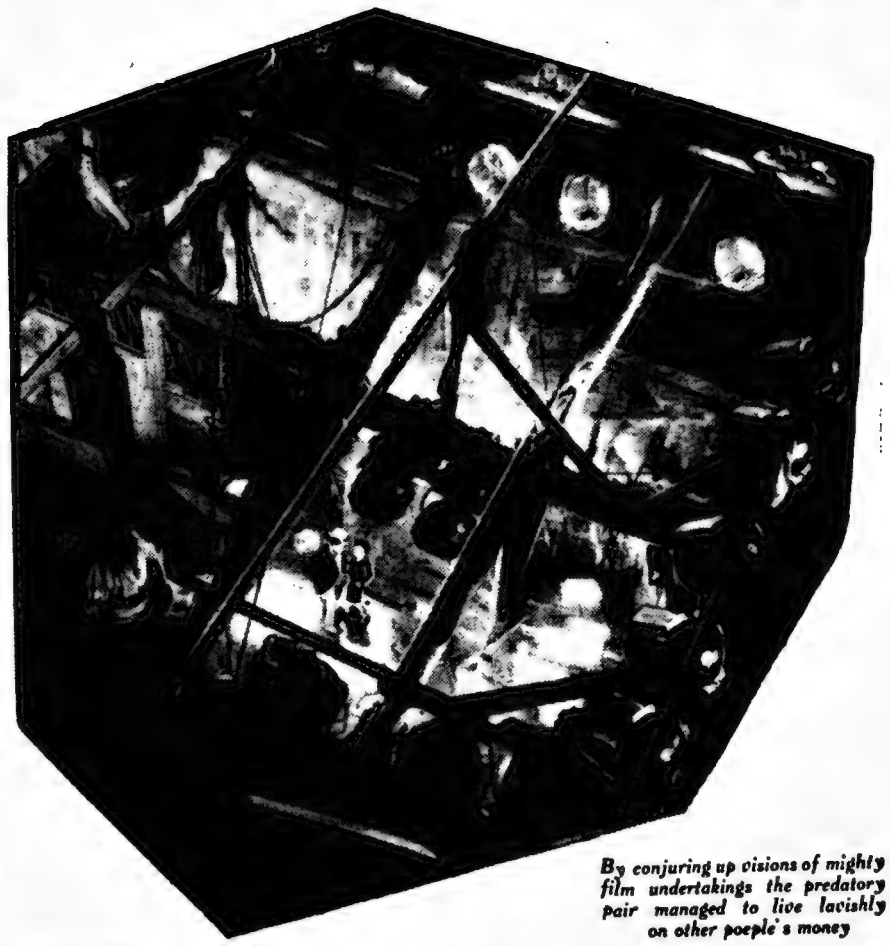
In the same month also D. E. Greig's cheque on the Swiss Bank Corporation made out in favour of Hutchinson for £10 was returned as useless.

But life for this precious pair was not all a butterfly existence. They had work to do and they set themselves sternly about the task.

A film to be called "Singing for Luck" was to be produced and they engaged artistes, a production manager and dialogue-writer.

Their singing did not, apparently, bring much luck, for the artistes were not given any work and both the production manager and the dialogue-writer were fobbed off with "dud" cheques.

This picture, which was never completed, however, had it uses. Greig and Hutchinson visited one of the biggest film production companies in Britain and talked so plausibly about the venture that they succeeded in coming to an arrangement for the renting of a studio.



By conjuring up visions of mighty film undertakings the predatory pair managed to live lavishly on other people's money

Pastures new?

On the strength of this tentative arrangement with a firm above reproach they found it easy to secure further credit, and another batch of "dud" cheques was issued.

Although they flew high and lived on a lavish scale, neither Greig nor Hutchinson lost any opportunities of defrauding small tradespeople.

Among the unpaid bills are £2 14s. 10d. to a Soho restaurant, £11 12s. to a Brighton landlady, £4 19s. 8d. to a laundry, £5 10s. to a City trader, and £1 5s. for tailoring work.

The rent of the offices of St. Davids Film Productions in High Holborn was not paid, the staff suffered likewise and the secretary of the concern has a bad cheque for £12 to remind him of his labours.

Both these scamps have now disappeared from their usual haunts and their whereabouts are being actively sought by a number of their dupes.

It seems that Scotland Yard might well join in the search, and once it lays its hands on this rascally pair place them where they should have been long ago—in the dock.

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Homely Wisdom—By Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

YULETIDE CHEER

ALL the portents point to this Christmas being one of the hardest of modern times—not the very hardest, whatever the pessimists may say. Times were harder for the poor in the lean years following the battle of Waterloo. There was no "dole" then, and people often died on the roadsides for want of food, or were hung for stealing it.

We are a little more human now, despite the madness of the Great War and all the evils that have followed in its train. If anyone doubts this, let him read the following story from a JOHN BULL reader.

He says: "Life has taught my wife and me many lessons, and one is that humans can be exceedingly good to one another. She is twenty-nine; I am thirty-one; we have five bonny children. For young people we have passed through great difficulties, some of them tragic, and unemployment has not been the worst. At present my wife is helping me to fight a hard battle against consumption, which has been going on for twelve months.

"But this goodness of humans one to another, how it inspires! I went over the mountains one day searching for work. It was a cold day. Going over the bridge which crossed the railway line, I wondered how and where I should get my dinner; there was none in prospect.

"At the bottom of the hill was a little house, and a man came out. He said, 'Come in, lad, you look cold.' He made me some tea, and I felt delighted with the warmth of the fire and the welcome. The wife had a wonderful, calm, serene look, a noble and beautiful face, and she was just reading your words in JOHN BULL and remarked that they fitted my case.

"Well, to beat all, the husband, learning I was searching for work, took me across the line to the foreman platelayer and tried to get me a job.

"That day was an inspiration to me, for when I started out in the morning I felt very downhearted. But at night, reflecting on the events of the day—how, first, the employment exchange manager had been kind and sympathetic; then the meeting at the railway cottage with those friendly folk; and, lastly, how I had been welcomed at my journey's end—all this gave me new courage and strength.

"My experience has taught me that we should count our blessings and trust one another. If I have learned anything from life it is that five minutes' good company and a kind word are sometimes more valuable than a gold-mine."

This piece of real life deserves putting on record; it is a moral tonic. The good fellow who writes as above appears to be quite unconscious that he, too, has a fine spirit. Probably those who helped him saw it looking out of his eyes and felt drawn to him; whereas if he had looked sour and disgruntled they would have turned away.

Human nature is a compound of contradictions. In the same heart may dwell courage and cowardice, love and hate, blind selfishness and an unlimited capacity for self-sacrifice. Which shall come uppermost is just a matter of faith—faith in the power of the best instead of the worst.

Take a hint. Look around for someone who needs cheering up, and whose Christmas without human contacts will be dull and drab, and bid him welcome. You may not have much of a feast to share with him except sociability, but that is a bountiful spread. For the more you share it the more you have.

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PALMERS GREEN	28, Green Lanes, N.13	KING'S CROSS	215, Caledonian Road, N.1
WOKING	11, The Broadway	NORTHAMPTON	23, Gold Street
CLAPHAM	58, 61, 62, High Street, S.W.4	NORWICH	31, St. Stephen's Street
STRATFORD	379-381, High Street, E.15	CHESTER	22, Bridge Street
CRICKLEWOOD	140, Broadway, N.W.2	PLYMOUTH	6-8, The Octagon
STOKE NEWINGTON	89-90, High Street, N.	EXETER	104, Fore Street
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"CARNIVAL" Hats, Novelties, Balloons, Decorations and Wigs. Cat. J.B. free.—Becks Br.tish Carnival Novelties, Cross St., Ldn., N.1.

WATCHES for Ladies and Gents sent on free approval. Messrs. Davis & Co. offer some remarkably smart watches in the advt. on p. 3.

DANCE NOVELTIES & ADVERT. BALLOONS LIST FREE.—(DEPT. 46), NOVELTY SUPPLY STORES, 228, MILE END RD., LONDON.

EVERY boy has an engineering instinct—the desire to build things. MECCANO, the world's greatest constructional toy, offers unlimited scope for indulging this instinct and for developing inventive talent. The 1932 MECCANO Outfits, which are far ahead of those of previous years, demonstrate more clearly than ever the methods that have made MECCANO the supreme favourite amongst constructional toys. MECCANO is, of course, all-British in origin and development. A free book, describing these outfits, can be obtained on application to Meccano, Ltd. (Dept. 20), Old Swan, Liverpool. See advt. on page 29.

WHY NOT Billiards or Bagatelle this winter? The finest indoor games. Messrs. E. J. Riley, Ltd., are giving away 32 "Home" Billiard Tables. You may be lucky if you answer the advt. on page 2.

BUILD OWN GRAMO OR RADIO. List of Kits, Cabinets, Motors and Parts FREE. Terms arranged. Instructions 3d.—J. B. Burt, 182, High Street, Deptford, S.E.8.

A GRAMOPHONE Bargain! Outstanding values in this week's "Shop Window" (pages 2 & 3) include the De Luxe Portable Gramophone at the remarkably low price of 20/- advertised by London Wholesale Supply Association.

AMAZING RADIO INVENTION which makes your expensive H.T. battery last at least 2 years. SEE postal bargain page 2. 3/6 post free.—Reacto Appliances, Ltd., 28, Watling Street, London, E.C.4.

FILL in the free coupon in the Reyentone advt. on p. 30 for full partics. of their Radio Units, which will increase the efficiency of your wireless reception.

TURN to the LISSEN RADIO offer on easy terms on p. 35. Fill in coupon for free copy of 1/- Chart illustrating the "Skyscraper" Kit Set.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—BUY DIRECT. Indian and Ceylon Blended, 4 lb. 4/4, 10 lb. 10/-, Carr. pd. Special quotation for large quantities, and packet teas. —Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, London, E.15.

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BLADDER WEAKNESS, Kidney Trouble, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-, Boots, etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Spl. 2d.

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HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write the Stanley Institute (J.B.), 31, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

CROUP.—Vapo-Cresolene allays irritation, quickly relieves spasmodic coughs and difficulty in breathing.—Write for Free Booklet No. 29Q to Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., London, E.C.2.

PILES relieved instantly by the wonderful Hemosol Treatment. No ointment, medicine nor appliance. Send 1½d. stamp for Free Booklet on this remarkable discovery.—Hemosol Laboratories, 1, Ramsden Road, London, S.W.12.

DIGESTIVE TROUBLES.—Substitute ordinary food for a while by "Allenbury's" Diet. Send 3d. stamps for 1-lb. trial sample.—Allen & Hanburys, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.3), 37, Lombard St., Ldn., E.C.3.

"DR. G.'S RHEUMATIC CURE" relieves Rheumatism, Rheumatoid Arthritis, Neuritis. A wonderful new remedy by a famous doctor. 3/-, 12/-, post free.—T. Griffith Hughes, M.P.S., Manufacturing Chemist, Deiniolen, N. Wales.

A FREE SAMPLE of "ELASTO," the new blood treatment for bad legs and all circulatory diseases, together with a special free booklet, will be sent to readers filling in the coupon on the Back Cover.

A FREE SUPPLY OF MAN-ZAN is offered to sufferers from Hæmorrhoids in the advt. on p. 33.

NURSES and doctors can obtain scientific evidence of the dietary value of ROWNTREE'S COCOA.—Write, giving qualifications, to Dept. J.B.7, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., York. See p. 27.

FREE TRIAL OF POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE, Smoking Mixture, etc., and free booklet. Use coupon on p. 33.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 7a, New Bond St., London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANY kind Old Gold, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, Platinum Scrap bought. Highest cash per return.—Bell's, Headrow, Leeds.

RATS AND MICE CANNOT RESIST RODINE, THE FASCINATING AND FATAL RAT EXTERMINATOR. THEY EAT IT GREEDILY, DIE INSTANTLY. NEVER FAILS. 7½d. & 1/3. ALL CHEMISTS OR RODINE WORKS, PERTH (POST 3d. EXTRA.)

DUKE'S JELLIED ALMONDS are lovely. DUKE'S JELLIED LIQUORICE is soothing. Sweet Shops.

FREE.—To introduce new lavatory disinfectant-cleanser, we are giving a 6d. table, FREE to all "J.B." readers sending 2d. stamps to cover postage and packing.—Penn (J.B. Gift), 78, Junction Road, London, N.19.

PROVIDE for your future comfort and independence by the Pearl way. You can secure a cash sum for any selected period by a plan of simple payments to suit your convenience. For full partics. fill in the coupon on p. 14.

HAVE you tasted Kellogg's Rice Krispies?—delicious tasty rice bubbles—always fresh—easy to digest. Good for any meal and particularly nourishing for children. See p. 23.

FREE.—A de luxe Beauty Outfit, containing the new Tokalon preparations, can be obtained in return for 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, etc.—Address: Tokalon, Ltd., Dept. 1221H, Chase Road, London, N.W.10. Turn to the offer on p. 27.

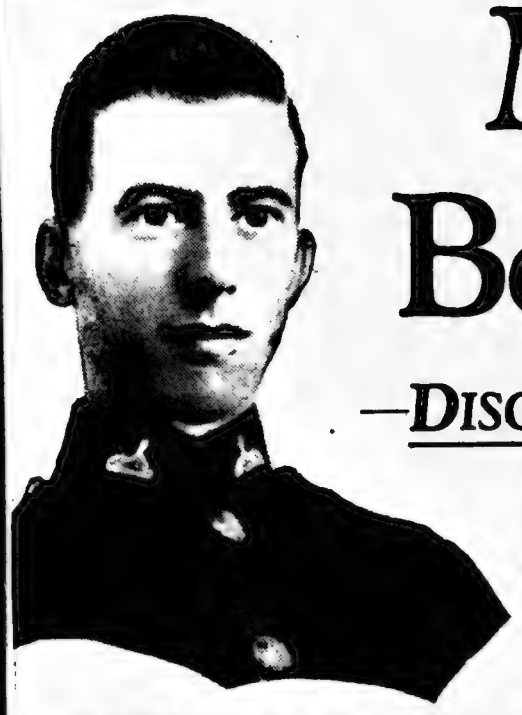
THERE can be no doubt that HORNBY CLOCKWORK LOCOMOTIVES have done much, quite apart from the endless pleasure they have given, to provide real educational value among the young of all ages. The 1932 designs are improved in all-round efficiency, and particularly in hauling power. The HORNBY system makes it possible to reproduce in miniature practically all the operations that are carried out daily by the great railways of the world. On receipt of 4½d. in stamps a copy of the new Hornby Book of Trains will be sent to any reader who writes to Hornby Trains (Dep. A.P.), Old Swan, Liverpool. See advt. on p. 25.

FREE.—Write to J. & J. Colman, Ltd. (Dept. 11U), Norwich, for a copy of their Egg Register as offered on p. 32.

READERS' attention is drawn on p. 22 to the advt. of Forhan's Tooth Paste, which can now be obtained in 6d. tubes as well as the famous 1/6 and 2/6 sizes.

FREE.—Write Gift Dept. J.B.2, 82, Middlesex St., London, E.1, for "Handmaster" Gift Book. A typical Gift is illustrated in the advt. on p. 32.

ANY of our readers who would like to have a copy of "Olde-Time Christmas Customs, Games, etc.," will receive one post free on application to Messrs. Hugon & Co., Ltd., Openshaw, Manchester, if they write mentioning *John Bull*. No less than 36 old and new Christmas games are explained, and in addition there are the finest known recipes for Christmas Pudding, Mincemeat, and a host of other good things that are all the better for being made with "ATORA," the highly nourishing and dependable Shredded Suet. "ATORA" is the modern and universal method of using Shredded Suet, and it can be thoroughly recommended also for making beefsteak puddings, suet dumplings, and a host of other delicious items.



Martyred Boy Soldier

—DISGRACEFUL OFFICIAL OUTRAGE

Andrew Waddell succumbed as a boy to the intense heat of the tropics. . . . To-day he is imprisoned in awful surroundings

OF the hundreds of cases of barbaric injustice and official tyranny that have come before JOHN BULL in the passing year, none surpasses in cruelty and pathos that of twenty-five-years-old Andrew Waddell.

It is one of Grand Guignol being played in everyday life.

Mrs. Waddell, the young man's mother, is facing the prospect of having the bailiffs in her home at 221, King's Road, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey, during Christmas week and having her household goods seized and sold.

Yet she owes no one a penny.

She is being persecuted, in effect, for no other reason than the almost incredible one that her husband died and her eldest son has been broken in the service of their country. Her suffering is the consequence of her having dared to resist the callous acts of the authorities.

Mrs. Waddell's husband, a quartermaster-sergeant of the East Surrey Regiment, left the Army after twenty-one years' service just before the beginning of the Great War. He became a licence-holder in Kingston, but surrendered his business and rejoined the Army immediately war broke out.

Regiment's "mascot"

In a few months his wife was a widow. She was left with four children, the eldest of whom, Andrew, was eight.

The pension then granted to Mrs. Waddell and her family was the miserable one of 24s. weekly. When she protested against the insufficiency of this allowance, the pensions authorities agreed to relieve her position by arranging for Andrew to enter the Duke of York's Royal Military School.

There he fared well and happily until the age of fourteen, when he was passed into the Army for service as a boy with the Gloucestershire Regiment in the Army of Occupation on the Rhine.

Before Andrew Waddell was fifteen he was sent with his battalion to India. He was a very diminutive boy—regarded as the regimental mascot—and his mother was opposed to him being ordered abroad.

She even tried to stop his departure on foreign service when the troop-train came to London, but her efforts were ineffective.

Her boy had not been long in India before Mrs. Waddell had cause to be worried about his health. His letters complained of the intense heat and he stated that he often felt dizzy and sick.

The attacks of illness became more frequent, and on one occasion when he was in hospital he wrote that he was very unhappy because he had been accused of malingering.

How far that charge was from the truth was proved by the boy's subsequent sufferings.

When he was twenty, after five years in India, Andrew was sent home to England to enter Kneller Hall, the Army school of music.

He had become a sturdy-looking comely youth and it was believed that with his return home the weakness and bouts of giddiness which assailed him would pass.

All hope of the kind was quickly dashed.

The tropic's victim

Before long he was in a London military hospital and a month later he was discharged from the Army on the grounds of ill-health.

The authorities refused to recognise that his disability was attributable to military service and no pension was allowed.

A few weeks later, on Christmas Eve, Waddell went from his mother's house to post some Christmas cards. A policeman brought the news that he had been found unconscious in the street and had been taken to a Kingston hospital.

When his mother went there she was questioned about his medical history, and as soon as she mentioned that she believed his condition was a consequence of the Indian heat he endured as a boy she was given a form to sign.

Fortunately she read the document and was horrified to find that it was a form of consent for her son to be placed in a lunatic asylum. She refused indignantly to put her name to it.

Waddell made a quick recovery and was discharged from hospital. But next day he again collapsed and was taken back.

This time the consent of his mother was not asked. He was certified as insane and removed to an asylum at Brookwood, Surrey.

The tragic mother, Mrs. Waddell, gave her soldier-husband and now is robbed of her soldier-son

Of course, there is not and never has been anything wrong with Andrew Waddell's mental state. The authorities admit this to the mother, but give the extraordinary excuse that the asylums are the only institutions where persons whose health has been affected by heat can be accommodated.

Anyhow, by the astounding methods they use, the officials in charge of Waddell's case almost succeeded in making him a lunatic.

They put him to work in the asylum boot-repairing shop under the instruction of a man who had twice attempted to take his own life.

Suicide ordeal

One day this man gave his pupil a shoemaker's knife to sharpen, and when it was handed back he committed suicide by cutting his throat in Waddell's presence in the workshop!

There is no need to describe the effect of the shock of such a ghastly experience upon a young man already in a very low state of health.

Waddell has been unable to leave bed since the tragedy.

What hope can there ever be for the recovery of a sane person in poor health who is constantly shut up with dangerous lunatics?

From the day he was put away in the asylum, Mrs. Waddell has fought strenuously to have her son restored to her, so that she can care for him at home.

Her fight came to a crisis a few weeks ago when she told the authorities plainly that she would take the most drastic action possible to secure his release.

They retorted by ordering her to pay 15s. weekly towards his maintenance in the asylum!

She protested that in any case she would refuse to pay, besides, as a war widow, she was unable to do so.

Every week Mrs. Waddell already has to spend 15s. in making two visits to her son and providing him with the special food he requires.

Home threatened

When she mentioned this fact, she was told to cease her visits and to stop supplying the invalid's delicacies!

Because she defied this official imposition and repeated her demand for her son to be removed from the awful atmosphere of a lunatic asylum, Mrs. Waddell was informed that she would be summoned to court.

The threat has been carried out. She was brought before the Kingston Bench a few days ago and, despite her protests and appeal, was ordered to meet the unjust demand and to pay her persecutors' legal costs.

Now she has been notified that, if she continues to resist, the contents of her home will be seized.

What a reward for a woman who gave her husband and has been robbed of her son!

This case urgently demands the personal attention of both the Secretary for War and the Minister of Pensions. Tyranny must now give way to compassion and justice.

HURRY *for the* BIG BOOK!

TO-DAY, on pages 4 and 5, JOHN BULL announces a final opportunity to participate in its magnificent new Christmas Presentation, in which every reader is invited to accept the superb One Guinea New Illustrated Universal Reference Book—a mighty volume entirely new that has no counterpart in the history of publishing.

Many thousands of readers have hailed this 1,280-page volume with delight, and have instantly reserved their copies.

This One Guinea Reference Book—specially compiled for JOHN BULL readers—contains fifteen great practical works of reference, and is a library of money-saving ideas and practical advice on countless matters of everyday importance...

This final opportunity, made to ensure that JOHN BULL readers and their friends shall not miss this great presentation, must be accepted at once.

If you have not yet reserved your copy, use the reservation form on page 5 now, which must be received by December 23, otherwise it will be too late.

Turn to pages 4 and 5 and use the forms at once.

BOGUS SLEUTH'S FRAUDS

ASTONISHING frauds are being perpetrated by a man who poses as "Chief Inspector Cartwright, of Scotland Yard," and who is now wanted in half a dozen counties in England and Scotland.

One of his most recent escapades was staged in Cardiff, where he called upon a certain firm, having somehow ascertained that the director was absent on business in London.

With an impressive official air, he made the amazing announcement that this director was being detained in London in connection with a drug-trafficking case.

The bogus inspector confided that he had been working on this particular case for some weeks, and that his investigations had led him to Cardiff, where a very clever gang was believed to be at work.

From what he had discovered he was satisfied that the firm's director was being held through some misunderstanding, and he promised to send off a report immediately in an endeavour to secure the detained man's early release.

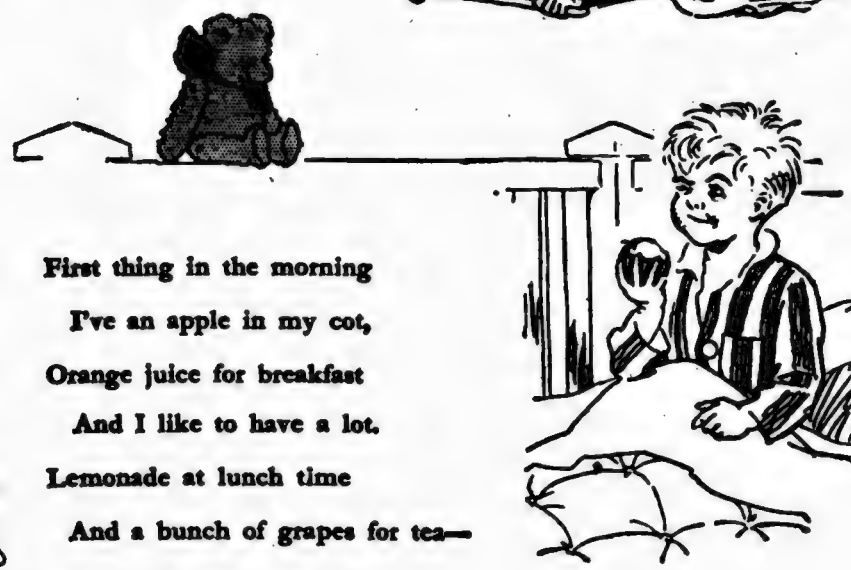
Towards the close of this interview the supposed Scotland Yard sleuth explained that he had run short of money. There was some in the post, but as it might not arrive till the next morning he would be greatly obliged if the firm could make him a small advance.

His story had carried such conviction that a sum of £5 was handed to him without question, and he departed after promising to refund this money next day, when he also hoped to be able to report that his efforts on its director's behalf had been successful.

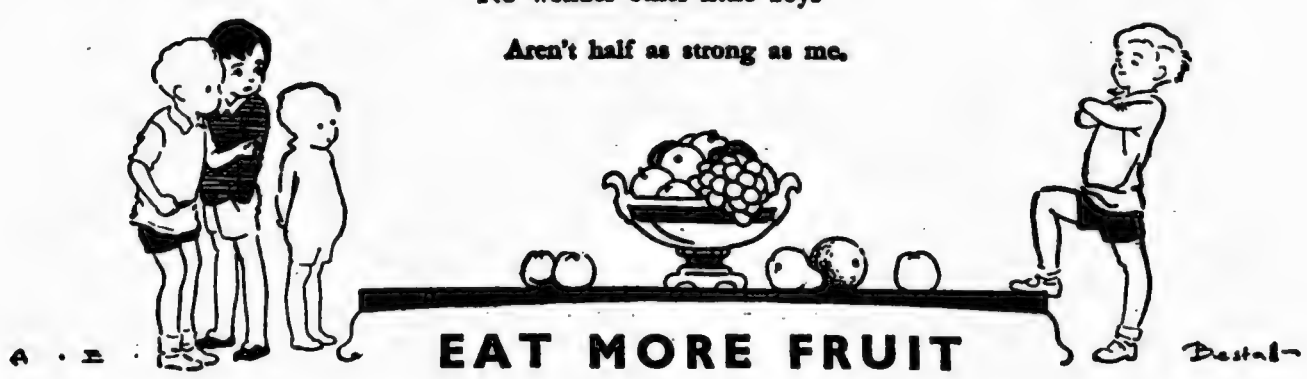
Of course, he never came back, and his story has been found to be an entirely fictitious one, which he has repeated with slight variations and great success in places as far afield as Leicester, Worthing, Manchester, Edinburgh and Aberdeen.

THE PIRATE CHIEF

I'm a Bold Bad Pirate,
I'm the Devil of a Swell,
I'm a Rough Red Injun,
I'm a Cannibal as well.
I've a 'normous biceps,
I've a Sergeant Major's chest—
Which proves that Nanny's silly
When she makes me go and rest.



First thing in the morning
I've an apple in my cot,
Orange juice for breakfast
And I like to have a lot.
Lemonade at lunch time
And a bunch of grapes for tea—
No wonder other little boys
Aren't half as strong as me.



EAT MORE FRUIT

Issued by the Fruit Trades' Federations, Advertisement Department, 10-13, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.4.

M. & C

Weekly Informations from SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

A New Christmas FRAUD —the Coal "Ghost Train"

Trains laden with Christmas fuel are puffing up and down the country, but none of them has been chartered by the pretentious John Phillips

SINCE I issued my special warning recently against employment - with - investment swindlers I have received upwards of two thousand letters of enquiry.

I advise countless readers, by letter, or telegram if necessary, where dubious propositions are involved, but in this article I should like to confine myself to one particular swindle that is being run in the name of the Midland Direct Coal Supply Corporation, Ltd.

With headquarters at 5-9, Unicorn Chambers, Worcester, and boasting branches in other parts of the country, this venture has served as a screen for a rogue named John Phillips.

A clever bait has been laid for unemployed people in the form of advertisements in provincial newspapers calling for agents, superintendents and collectors

Applicants are informed that the Midland Direct Coal Supply Corporation, Ltd., conducts a huge business by supplying coal, coke, coal bricks, logs and other fuel at specially attractive prices.

So very lucky!

It is said that a big Christmas campaign has been schemed and that, thanks to the wise use of publicity and circulars, orders are coming in well.

All fuel is sent direct from collieries to local centres at which agents are maintained.

Applicants are led to believe that more local men are wanted to cope with the Christmas rush, and it is hinted that there will be permanent jobs for the more promising salesmen.

The corporation announces its readiness to run fuel trains through to each centre as occasion demands, so that a direct supply may be maintained.

One complainant—to cite one typical experience—applied for an agency and, after being called upon to furnish references, was appointed as a "superintendent."

He was told he was lucky enough to be selected out of many applicants, but it was added that as his post would be one of responsibility it would be necessary for him to deposit £25 as a sign of good faith.

He would be responsible for all orders in his area and the collection of all accounts, cash on delivery being a feature of the corporation's scheme.

On the other hand, he was assured that his money would be returnable at a month's notice.

Unable to obtain employment elsewhere, and thinking this was a real chance at last, he paid over the money and waited for instructions about his new post.

Phantom trains

After some delay he wrote to the Midland Direct Coal Supply Corporation, Ltd., for an explanation, but to his amazement his own letter was returned to him by the postal authorities bearing the inscription: "Gone away."

I have had enquiries made in Worcester, and the result is most illuminating. The whole scheme, I find, is an exceptionally clever swindle.

Far from being a powerful organisation, the Midland Direct Coal Supply Corporation has no real existence except in name. Though it has advertised far and wide and booked orders by the score, it has supplied no fuel to anyone.

Its alleged special trains, running daily supplies of coal to various provincial centres, are mere phantoms. They exist only in the very fertile imagination of Mr. John Phillips, the genius behind the scenes.

This man, I find, has been most active in dashing about the country to confer with his many associates.

But he launched this colossal venture with little more than a stock of impressive notepaper and his own ability to tell a convincing story.

Investigation shows that he took the Worcester office for a short term, but used it for little more than a fortnight.

In that time he had defrauded numerous men who paid to obtain positions that did not exist.

One Saturday he announced to his typist that he was going to Cardiff for the week-end. He told her that he had a big bill to pay there, and needed cash from his newly opened account at Worcester.

She went with a cheque for £180—the remainder of his fortnight's plunder—and saw him no more after handing him the money!

Just bluff

To succeed like this in two short weeks in such an audacious way in an astonishing achievement, but it must not be thought that a rogue of Mr. Phillips' genius is content to restrict his schemes to one particular district.

While operating from Worcester he has also been controlling another temporary office in the city of Norwich.

In this instance, though, he ingeniously styled his business the Eastern Direct Coal Supply Corporation, Ltd., and pretended to be running his coal trains to certain centres in East Anglia.

While he installed an accomplice in this second office he paid frequent visits to Norwich in order to keep his finger on the pulse of the "business."

And the business, as in the case of the Worcester ramp, consisted solely of enrolling investing employees and booking orders for non-existent coal to be carried in his ghost trains to imaginary depots!

You will not find the corporation in Norwich either. The office there has been abandoned, too, after a tenancy of barely three weeks. But Phillips did exceedingly well out of it before he decided to disappear and to open up elsewhere in this audacious and persistent fashion.

Other towns in which his operations are known include Bournemouth and Lowestoft, while on one occasion he even had the temerity to establish himself in London.

The amazing thing is that though he has robbed so many people in different parts of the country few of his victims have ever seen him.

I have established that he is a man of sixty to sixty-five years of age, and, being completely deaf, always uses an ear-trumpet.

Let me know

As far back as August, he was offering his phantom wares at attractive summer prices, urging people to lay by stocks for the approaching winter.

He has advanced far since then and his Christmas coal scheme is about the most perfectly conceived and conducted swindle I have encountered for some time.

Even as I write these words one of my investigating staff has come in to confirm that complaints have now arisen in Sheffield, where Phillips has also occupied an office for a few weeks.

I hope this article will be widely read and that any reader who may be in a position to throw light on this rogue's latest movements will not hesitate to communicate with me.

Blustering Bureau

I HAVE just received from one of my readers a wonderful specimen of the debt recoverer's "art."

It emanates from a firm with the title of Recovery and Adjustment Bureau, of 5, Bow Lane, Cannon Street, London, E.C.4.

* * *

I feel justified in quoting it fully. Naming a certain company, the letter runs:

"Having persistently ignored every reference to the above account, we have to conclude that you are the kind of person who obtains goods on credit without the intention of paying for them.

"In this case it is, of course, useless to show you any further consideration.

"Our solicitors are experienced in dealing with debtors who try to evade their obligations, and we give you fair warning that we intend to pass this matter to them for exposure in your local county court, in order that other traders may be fully aware of your activities, and that you may not again easily obtain credit.

"We are holding back these instructions for seven days to give you a last opportunity of dealing with the account in a straightforward manner; if you fail to do so, we shall act as stated above."

My correspondent tells me that he has never heard of the company named in this connection in his life.

* * *

The Bureau, of course, directly accuses the recipient of obtaining goods by false pretences. Further, its letter is most objectionable in that it threatens "exposure" in a local county court. It concludes by offering a "last opportunity" of acting "in a straightforward manner"—in other words, it suggests that the recipient is a dishonest person.

The document is a stock letter turned off a duplicating machine, so perhaps I am addressing myself to many readers who have received the attentions of the Recovery and Adjustment Bureau.

* * *

My advice to any of my readers who receive a similar communication is to let the "Recovery and Adjustment Bureau" proceed in the local county court and then produce this document to the judge, who will, without doubt, have some observations to make on it.

THE RINGING ROGUE

CHRISTMAS chimes provide the keynote in swindles that are being worked by a man who calls himself F. Mason, and who is now enjoying an extensive motoring tour of the country.

He was in Cambridge quite recently, and, making a local hotel his headquarters, let it be generally known that he was a director of the firm of F. Mason and Co., of London.

In the course of various conversations, he confided that he had been engaged specially for the purpose of testing and overhauling the bells of a famous local church in readiness for the Christmas festivities.

He stayed for several days, ran up a big bill, cashed a number of cheques, and then drove away, leaving his new acquaintances to find out that all his stories were inspired by a fertile imagination.

It is clear that his church chimes story is one which he has repeated with conspicuous success in all parts of the country.

Norwich, Winchester and Lincoln are some of the famous towns he has recently visited, and complaints about his masquerades have come from Bournemouth and Southampton.

When he chooses, he changes his name. One day he is Mr. F. Pitts; the next he is Mr. A. Franklin or R. Selby.

At many of the hotels where he has stayed he has added larceny to his accomplishments, helping himself to cheque-books, cash and jewellery from the rooms of his fellow-guests during their absence

The people who are now eagerly searching for this bell-ringing bounder can be numbered by the score.

Thirty Years' WAR for—

Prime movers in the thirty years oil struggle—William Knox D'Arcy, the great pioneer; "Abdul the Damned," Sultan of Turkey, who played with the concessionaires while his throne was tottering; outspoken Admiral Lord Fisher, enraged by Britain's apathy, set out to find a backer . . .

THE EARTH'S

ONCE again the battle for oil has flamed to a new crisis in the Near East. Once again strong notes are passing between Governments on that vexed, long-fought and bitter question of the oil resources in an area which has gained the reputation of being the cockpit of the oil world.

Failing early agreement, the British Government has now warned the Persian Government that strong measures may be taken.

It is, however, hardly likely that this will be done in these days of the International Court at The Hague, to which the question can in the last resort be submitted for legal judgment, though not many years ago this fresh oil crisis might already have blazed into war.

The Persian Government's attempt to repudiate the concession of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, in which the British Government itself is the principal shareholder, adds one more sensational chapter to a story which is amongst the most dramatic of any in the whole vivid, challenging history of the world struggle for oil.

D'Arcy goes East

The D'Arcy concession, owned by the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, over which the present battle with the Persian Government is being fought, has already played more than its fair share in high politics.

The story of Anglo-Persian oil and, more particularly, of the D'Arcy Exploration Company, the Anglo-Persian subsidiary which directly owns most of the parent companies' concessions, is packed full of romance—the glittering, half-sinister romance of the East.

Here, in the Near East—which before it became the centre of the bitterest oil war in history for what is probably the earth's richest oil prize had a fairer reputation as the birthplace of Christianity—British oil diplomacy has so far scored its greatest successes.

In Persia and in Iraq we have obtained possession of oil resources which in the modern world, where the internal combustion engine is King of Transport and transport has become the all-powerful essential of commercial life, are infinitely more precious than gold.

The story begins in the late 1890's, when an adventurous Australian solicitor, William Knox D'Arcy, who had made one fortune out of the Australian gold boom through his interest in the famous Mount Morgan mine, matched his wits against an American naval officer, Rear - Admiral C. M. Chester, and won.

The life of a rich man, idle, did not suit D'Arcy. He soon grew tired of trying to spend the £1,200,000 or so he had made out of gold, and a whisper of the great potentialities of the oil fields of the Near East sent him hurrying to Persia.

D'Arcy knew what few British politicians had then even begun to realise, that Britain, so far, had lagged behind in the race for oil, so that of the great oil fields none was then in British hands—though the position was soon to be changed.

Oil production was controlled by the great Rockefeller interests in the United States, by the Royal Dutch Oil Company—later to become fundamentally British — in the Dutch East Indies, and by the Swedish Nobel and other interests in Russia.

D'Arcy packed his bag and went to Persia, only to find Admiral Chester ahead of him in the hunt.

Admiral Chester had been on a diplomatic mission to Turkey in connection with Armenian massacres, but when he heard rumours of oil he resigned his commission and turned to business.

But, though Chester had the start, D'Arcy was the cleverer man. He persuaded the then Shah of Persia, who had his eyes on the possible menace of Turkey, that Persia would gain enormously in prestige and strength by an association with Britain, and that such an association could best be obtained by getting British capital into his country.

The Shah listened, and in 1901 he granted D'Arcy a sixty-year monopoly oil concession to cover five-sixths of the Persian Empire, an area totalling over 500,000 square miles.

Enter Abdul

And D'Arcy, who was nothing if not an astute business man, paid cash down for this enormous concession—only £4,000. He guaranteed to find a similar amount within a stated period, and to pay the Shah 16 per cent. in royalty on the annual profits of any company producing oil from the fields.

And the Shah, who was more interested in the intrigues of the East than in the thirst for oil of the West, was perfectly satisfied to let the friendly Australian have, for that amount, undisputed rights over Maidan-i-Naftun, the field of oil.

D'Arcy hurried back to London, while Admiral Chester, beaten in Persia, turned to try his luck with Persia's neighbour, Turkey, where Sultan Abdul Hamid, known to his subjects and to the world as Abdul the Damned, clung uneasily to his throne and squandered the riches of his empire on the pampered favourites of his harem, or on rich, strange foods to flag an appetite grown blasé with excess.

Britain says "No"

D'Arcy came to London afire with enthusiasm, to be met with a cold douche. British finance was not interested.

D'Arcy flung more than £300,000 of his personal fortune into the venture in order to get busy on the initial work of exploiting the concession, and all the time he hoped that Britain would see the significance of the concession in time.

Germany, with her eyes on naval supremacy, and with the knowledge of her technical experts that the ships of the future would be oil burners, had watched D'Arcy's struggles with more than ordinary interest—watched and waited.

At last, when even the Australian vim and vigour of D'Arcy was growing dimmed by discouragement, Germany stepped in and made him a highly tempting offer for his concession.

D'Arcy was on the very verge of acceptance. He did not want to sell to a foreign country, but Britain, it seemed, would not listen.

But, fortunately, there was one man in Britain whose ears were sufficiently attuned to the future to listen and to act.

Admiral Lord Fisher, that breezy and outspoken seaman who foresaw the War earlier than any of the professional diplomats, believed in oil and meant to ensure, if he could, that Britain had plenty of it.

He had told the British Government years before that oil fuel would increase the efficiency of the British Fleet by at least 50 per cent., and urged it to make sure that the Admiralty had adequate supplies.

The whisper of the German offer to D'Arcy roused him to rage. If the British Government itself would not participate, other measures must be taken.

He took D'Arcy along to the Admiralty to see Mr. G. S. Pretyman, the then Civil Lord, who also believed in the future of oil, and between them they decided that the Persian concessions must somehow be operated by British private capital, until such time as the British Government could be persuaded openly to take control.

Between them they found the man and the money. The man was Lord Strathcona, and the money was that of the Burma Oil Company, of which Lord Strathcona was head.

Sure now of plenty of finance, and of the backing of powerful interests in London, D'Arcy sailed again for the Near East with instructions to get what other concessions he could.

The Turk's game

He turned to Turkey, where his old rival, Admiral Chester, was still negotiating with the slippery Sultan Abdul Hamid, who gave him many promises—in which he was a past master—but nothing sufficiently concrete upon which to start work.

But the old rivals were not to be allowed to fight for Turkish oil uninterrupted.

Germany, beaten at the last minute in her attempt to buy the Persian concession by the impetuous energy of Admiral Fisher, had her eyes on Turkey as well.

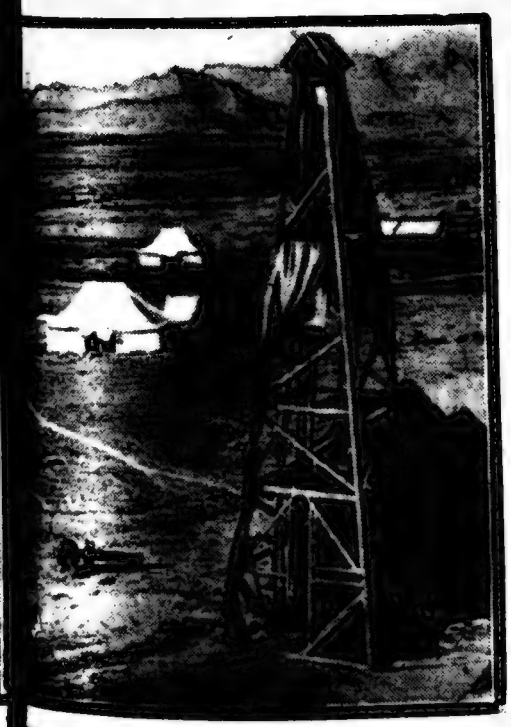
And Abdul the Damned sat back to play the game he loved and knew so well—the game of setting off one great Power against another. One day it was the United States' offer that was smiled upon, the next Germany was on the verge of getting his signature, then for a brief while Great Britain would be favoured.

Abdul was thinking of other things than oil. He was thinking of his throne. He was aware—how could he but be aware?—of the growing unrest in his country, of the meetings of the Young Turks, who spoke ever more openly of the corruption behind the shuttered, heavily

Left: Riza Khan, the present Shah of Persia. Above: Mr. Winston Churchill at the time when he held the office of First Lord of the Admiralty and played so important a part in the oil war

Biggest OIL Prize

—and the BITTER ROMANCE Behind It



The scene of the first attempt to strike oil in Persia—a well in the oilfields at Daliki

guarded windows of the palace, and who dreamed of a democratic rule for Turkey.

Which of the three Great Powers who sought his favours, officially or unofficially, for the sake of the hidden oil of his country would be most likely to support him when the inevitable clash with the movement for a democratic Turkey came?

That was the question that revolved itself over and over again in the scheming brain of the Sultan, while in the scented, over-charged atmosphere of the palace, where every other man was a spy and the Sultan and his Ministers lived in perpetual dread of death by poison—a death which the Sultan himself had brought to others more often than he could count—whispers of growing revolt gathered.

Finally, he decided that in such a crisis he could expect little help from the great democracies of Britain and the United States. Only from the military autocracy of Germany would he be likely to get aid.

Therefore, after innumerable hesitations and broken promises, he at last granted to Germany a railway concession with an option to bore for oil.

Before Germany could take full advantage of that concession the crash came. In a surging wave of revolution, the crime-stained palace of Abdul the Damned was set aflame, while from the lampposts of the capital were hung the gross unwieldy bodies of his favourite Ministers.

In the enthusiasm for democracy that swept through Turkey following the revolution, Admiral Chester, who had waited so long, was quick to seize his opportunity. American democracy paid its compliments to Turkish democracy, and got from the Government of the Young Turks a written oil concession.

U.S. left out

Then occurred one of the most amazing developments in an amazing story. Britain and Germany temporarily dropped their enmity and decided to act together.

They brought pressure to bear upon the new Turkish Government, and suggested that in any concession Turkey should have a share interest.

As a result, the American concession was cancelled, and the Turkish Petroleum Company was formed with, as co-partners, British oil interests, the Deutsche Bank of Berlin and the Turkish National Bank, this last-named having a 50 per cent. interest.

Britain had played her cards well, for at the same time she had acquired a large share interest in the Turkish Bank, so large that in less than a year its interest in the oil concession was transferred to the Anglo-Persian Company.

Once again D'Arcy, backed in London by Admiral Fisher and Winston Churchill (the new First Lord of the Admiralty who had been quick to accept Fisher's view of the importance of oil), had won.

Only a short time passed before the rest of the world learned, to its chagrin, that D'Arcy and the Anglo-Persian had acted largely for the British Government, for it was publicly announced only a few months before the World War, in which oil was to play so important a part, that the British Government had acquired share control of the Anglo-Persian.

Even amidst the turmoil of war, the importance of safeguarding our hard-won concessions in the Near East was not forgotten.

This explains, to no small extent, our military operations in Iraq (where the Mosul oil fields, owned by the Turkish Petroleum Company, are situated) and the dramatic rallying of the Arab tribesmen against the Turks by Col. Lawrence.

And hardly was the war over when fresh disputes broke out between the Allies regarding these valuable oil fields.

France demanded that the eastern frontier line in Syria should include part of the Iraq oil fields, so that she, too, could have her share.

The United States also put forward her claims, based on Admiral Chester's original concession.

Once again there was a pact between two of the disputed parties against a third, and once again it was the United States who was left out in the cold.

At San Remo an agreement was signed between Britain and France whereby France was given a 25 per cent. interest in the British-controlled Turkish Petroleum Co., while American interests were excluded.

That piece of oil politics led to a sharp outbreak of notes between Washington and London, and nearly a diplomatic breach between the two countries.

There is something inherent in the mixture of oil and politics which causes trouble, and even while the dispute with America was proceeding trouble broke out between France and Britain, France accusing Britain of inspiring Emir Feisal, the British-protected King of Iraq, to invade Syria and make himself ruler of the entire oil territory.

Finally at the first Lausanne Conference in 1922 a bargain was struck between Britain and France.

In exchange for British support of French policy in other directions, France agreed to sink its differences with Britain over the Iraq oil fields, and to support us in combating Turkish demands for a return of the disputed oil territories on which she then proposed to grant a concession to an American group, headed by Admiral Chester.

The new war

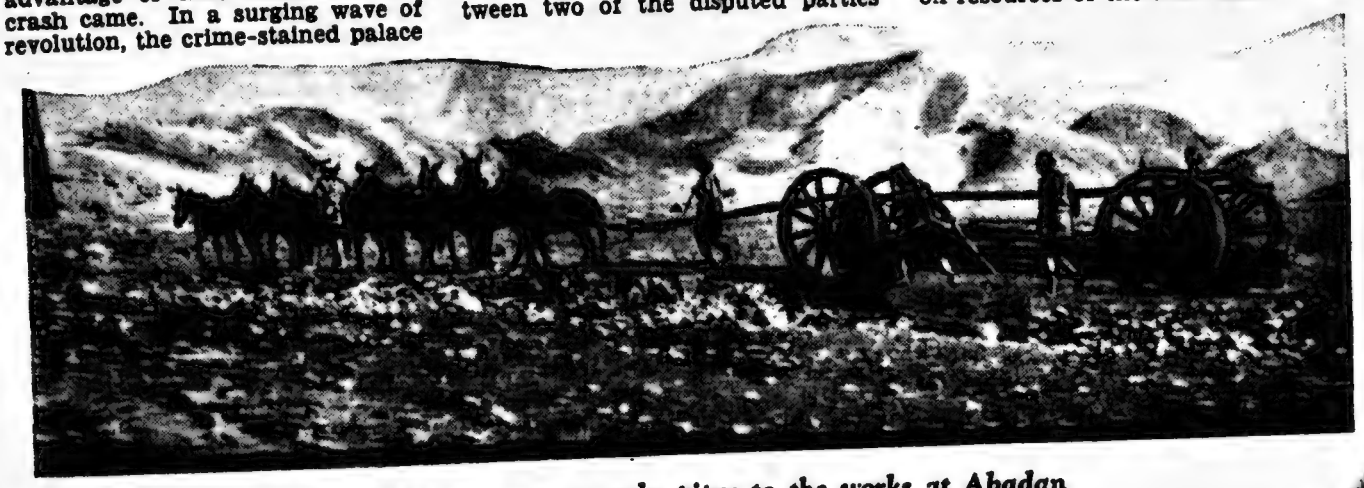
It was only in 1929 that the long, acrimonious dispute came to an end with the formation of the Iraq Petroleum Co., in which the Anglo-Persian Oil Co., through the D'Arcy Exploration Co., holds a 23¾ per cent. interest, the Royal Dutch Shell Group a 23¾ per cent. interest the French group a similar interest, and an American group, largely consisting of the Standard Oil of New Jersey, also a similar interest, with a private individual, Mr. C. S. Gulbenkin, who had played a somewhat mysterious part in the oil diplomacy of the Near East before and during the War, holding a 5 per cent. interest in return for certain concessions which he owned.

At long last it appeared that the cockpit of the oil world was to be at peace. But now war has broken out again, this time between the Persian Government and the Anglo-Persian Oil Co.

This fresh break is a direct result of the recent conferences on the Continent between all the big oil groups of the world, where it was agreed, in view of the present oversupply of petroleum, to restrict future output in order to force up prices.

The restricted output means that the Persian Government will get less in royalties, and to that it objects strongly.

What will be the outcome of this new quarrel it is not yet possible to say, but it is safe to predict that at the end of it Britain will still, as in the past, hold the lion's share of the oil resources of the Near East.



Mule-drawn waggons take pipes to the works at Abadan

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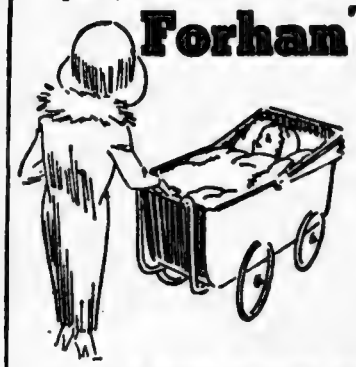
"Just for an O.K.—I use **Forhan's!"**



Neglect of mouth cleanliness provides a feeding ground for the bacteria which cause dental decay. Upon your choice of tooth paste may depend the very existence of your precious teeth.

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TRY A LOAF TO-DAY

I Lay Three Ghosts

"John Bull" READERS' STORIES — 14

I DO not believe in supernatural manifestations and my nerves are reasonably sound, but there was one experience which raised disturbing doubts in my mind about the possible existence of things beyond our normal ken.

It is unlikely that I should have attempted to write this story had it not been for the Editor's request for readers' accounts of unusual experiences from real life. But I have often talked it over with those who were with me in that strange house on the cliffs at Southbourne, in Hampshire, where so many weird things occurred.

Our decision to take a furnished house for the Christmas holidays was an enforced one. Burst water pipes had suddenly rendered two rooms in our home so desolate that the usual festivities threatened to be damped in more ways than one.

The house on the cliffs was modern, spacious, attractively furnished, with electric light and up-to-date heating and hot-water apparatus—the last place, in fact, that you'd suspect of being haunted.

Apart from my wife and myself, there was our six-year-old boy, David, my brother-in-law, Morris, and Annie, the maid. By Christmas Eve we were comfortably settled in—and then things began to happen

WE were seated at supper when the maid suddenly entered and announced that a Mr. Mankalow had called.

Wondering who he could be, I went into the hall, where a furtive, drooping little man with sparse, sandy hair and gold-rimmed glasses was nervously fingering his hat.

"So sorry to disturb you," he began in a queer, sepulchral voice, "but I thought you might be able to tell me where I could find Mrs. Wayne."

"I'm afraid I couldn't," I replied. I remembered that Mrs. Wayne was the owner of the house, but the negotiations had been carried through with the agents. I told Mr. Mankalow this, and he seemed strangely disturbed.

He had been to the agents, he said, and their office was closed and would not be open again till after the holidays. He didn't know what to do now.

Again he apologised for troubling me, and, buttoning up his coat, took his departure. Sleet had started to fall, and he looked rather a pathetic figure retreating down the garden path.

When I rejoined the others my wife looked up enquiringly.

"Whatever were you doing upstairs?" she asked.

"I haven't been upstairs," I protested.

"But we heard you—didn't we?" answered my wife, appealing to her brother.

"Yes," he agreed.

"What's the idea?" I demanded. "Are you two pulling my leg?"

They instantly denied anything of the kind.

"Perhaps it was Annie," suggested my wife.

"But Annie's in the kitchen," I told her. "You must have imagined you heard footsteps."

She remained unconvinced.

"Run up and see if David's all right," she said, with just a trace of apprehension in her voice. Laughingly I obeyed, but David was sleeping peacefully and the whole house seemed silent and serene

So once again we settled down and nothing further occurred to disturb us that night.

". . . and then, in the hushed silence, came a rasping, metallic click"

THE next strange manifestation took place while we were in the middle of our Christmas dinner, when the maid suddenly entered and stood waiting expectantly at my wife's elbow.

"Yes, Annie?" queried my wife.

"I thought you rang, ma'am."

"No; I didn't ring."

Annie looked genuinely perplexed.

"I thought you did, ma'am," she blurted out. "I—I'm sorry, ma'am."

A little later the maid came in again, and much the same dialogue ensued.

Jestingly, we accused Annie of taking too much sherry, but our remarks were received with indignation. When we questioned her she was most emphatic. Even if her ears had deceived her, there was the evidence of her eyes; she had seen the "sitting-room" indicator quivering.

We were all very puzzled, and, after the phantom footsteps and the visit from the mysterious Mr. Mankalow, the incident of the bells assumed a new significance.

Next day, when we returned from a walk, the maid met us with an extraordinary story.

She had been laying the table, she declared, when she had heard the sound as of a key in the lock of the front door.

She had assumed that it was us returning from our walk until the prolonged silence disillusioned her. Then she had heard the sound again and had gone out into the hall to investigate. Simultaneously there had come a sharp knock at the door and she had opened it to find Mr. Mankalow standing there!

We all stared in surprise at this information.

"Well," my wife asked, "and what did he want *this* time?"

Apparently Mr. Mankalow had wondered if we could give him any indication of the rental which was being asked for the house. Annie had told him politely that she had "no idea." Mr. Mankalow had then gone away.

We were talking this over during luncheon when my wife suddenly pointed towards the ceiling.

"Listen!" she whispered, and we all remained quiet. We distinctly heard the sound of footsteps passing overhead.

THEN a sudden thought struck me, and I saw from the expression on my wife's face that it had occurred to her, too.

The room overhead was one that we were not using; it was kept closed and locked, and we had not looked inside since the day of our arrival.

"Sit still," I said, softly. "I'll pop upstairs and investigate."

I crept silently up the stairs. Outside the locked door I paused for an instant. My nerves were tingling a little as I turned the key and threw open the door.

The first glance showed me that the room was undisturbed. I crossed to the window, which looked out on to a balcony, but there was no sign of any living thing. Beyond the cliffs, the sea looked grey and sullen.

Although I now somehow felt it unnecessary, I peeped under the bed and took a look inside the wardrobe before relocking the door and going downstairs again.

"It's all right," I said, reassuringly, as I resumed my place at the table. "Our imagination must have been playing tricks with us. The room's just as we left it the other day. The sounds we heard were probably made by mice."

"Oh," said my brother-in-law scoffingly. "And do you think mice ring bells? While you've been upstairs Annie's been in again thinking we were ringing—but no one's been near the bell!"

Everyone will admit that it's most disconcerting, just as you've lightly dismissed one weird manifestation with a smile, to have another flung in your face.

That evening, seated round the fire over nuts and wine, we tried to analyse everything.

The first point we fixed upon was that

(Continued on page 24)

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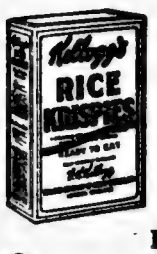

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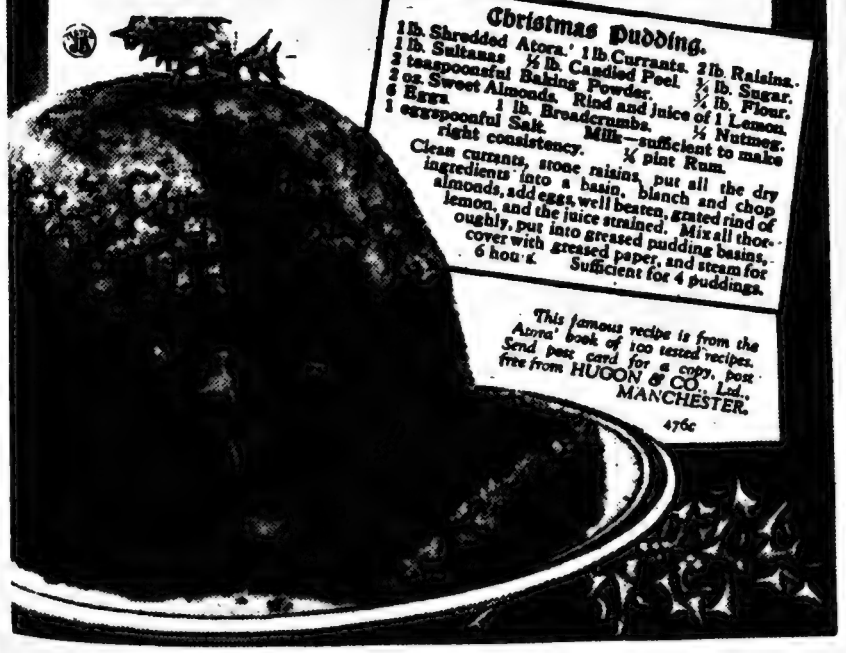
saves time and labour and removes uncertainty. Your Xmas puddings will be dainty, delicious, and digestible.



Christmas Pudding.

1 lb. Shredded Atora. 1 lb. Currants. 2 lb. Raisins. 1 lb. Sultanas. ½ lb. Candied Peel. ¾ lb. Sugar. 2 teaspoonsful Baking Powder. ¼ lb. Flour. 3 oz. Sweet Almonds. Rind and juice of 1 Lemon. 6 Eggs. 1 lb. Breadcrumbs. ½ Nutmeg. 1 egg-spoonful Salt. Milk—sufficient to make right consistency. ¼ pint Rum.

Clean currants, stone raisins, put all the dry ingredients into a basin, blanch and chop almonds, add eggs, well beaten, grated rind of lemon, and the juice strained. Mix all thoroughly, put into greased pudding basins, cover with greased paper, and steam for 6 hours. Sufficient for 4 puddings.

This famous recipe is from the Atora book of 100 tested recipes. Send post card for a copy, post free from HUGON & CO., Ltd., MANCHESTER.

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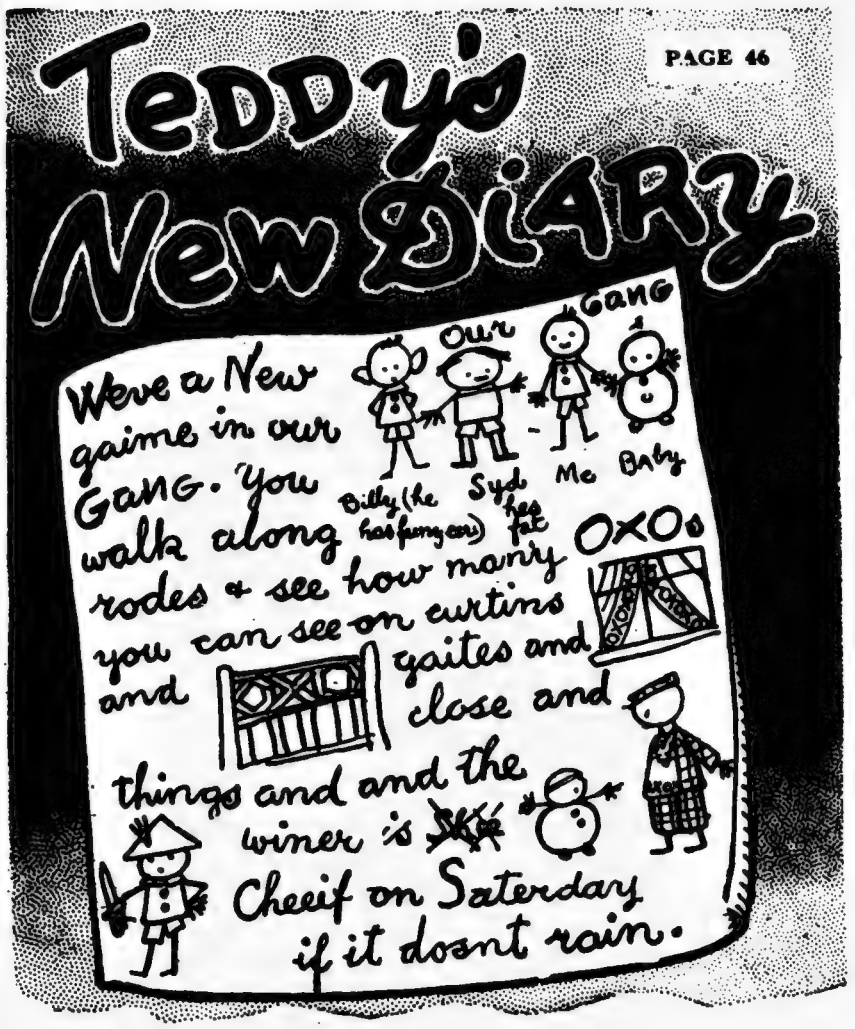
PAGE 46
TEDDY'S NEW DIARY
Our Gang
Weve a New gaime in our Gang. You walk along rodes & see how manny you can see on curtins and
Billy (he has funny ears)
Syd (he's fat)
Me
Baby
OXOs
gaites and close and
things and and the winer is
Cheeif on Saterdays if it dosnt rain.

Follow your recipe—then add Oxo

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OXO

Satisfies your good taste

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Give him Manikins and think how delighted he will be when he opens your parcel on Christmas morning.

You may be sure he will enjoy every one of these delightful smokes, for Manikins are one of life's extra pleasures, and will afford him many opportunities for quiet appreciation—a welcome change from his every-day pipe or cigarette.

Nothing crowns the success of a dinner party or adds a greater pleasure to any festive evening than a Manikin. They are a tribute to the host and hostess whose thought provides this luxury for the enjoyment of their guests.

Manikins are available in many attractive packings at prices from 10d. to 16/6, and are therefore within the reach of all.

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5 FOR 10D	10 FOR 1/8
15 „ 2/6	25 „ 4/2
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I LAY THREE GHOSTS (Continued from page 22)

the "happenings" had been repeated more or less in sequence.

Mr. Mankalow's call; footsteps overhead; phantom bells. Then, Mr. Mankalow's second call; more footsteps and more spirit bell-ringing. In between there had been the sound of the latch-key, which Annie had declared to be made by the "queer man, fiddling with the lock."

At last we decided that each in turn should advance a theory to account for the mysterious happenings.

My wife ascribed everything to mice—her pet aversion. She had heard that mice often caused fires by nibbling electric wires, so was it not feasible that they might also ring bells in some way. Morris, my brother-in-law, conceded that it was; so that was allowed to pass.

We agreed unanimously, too, with my wife's suggestion that the nibbling of a mouse might well resemble the grating of a key in a lock.

When she came to the question of the footsteps she was a little dubious. Still, she brought imagination into play and urged that perhaps a number of mice were dragging some heavy object.

It was my brother-in-law's turn next—and he went the whole hog.

"I mistrust Mankalow," he declared dramatically. "And I believe he's in this house now! Not for any sinister purpose, perhaps—just living cheaply. My theory is that he has been staying here some time, *on the quiet*.

"When the place was suddenly let for Christmas he didn't like to clear out. He probably watched our arrival, realised that we shouldn't be using all the rooms, and decided to slip back.

"His first call was probably to spy out the land. After he'd gone, or you thought he had, he crept back, let himself in quietly with a duplicate key, and made himself cosy in one of the spare rooms upstairs. . . ."

"This won't do," I cut in. "Remember, the footsteps were first heard by you and Margaret while I was chatting with Mankalow at the door; so they could not have been made by him!"

"Oh, well let's have your theory," said my brother-in-law, obviously relieved to drop the tangled skein he had commenced to weave.

I WENT out to the kitchen and found a screwdriver and handed it over to Morris, who is something of an electrician.

At my suggestion he proceeded to make a technical inspection of the bells. In less than two minutes he turned to us with a grin.

"There's one spook laid!" he announced, and proceeded to give us the simple explanation of the strange phenomenon of the self-ringing bells.

It appeared that the button was liable to stick immediately after it had been pressed in ordinary use. It didn't always happen, but whenever it did, the button would gradually come unstuck and cause the bell to ring.

It was reassuring to have this simple explanation, for we felt that if one ghost could be laid so easily, the others should not present undue difficulty.

"Now for the phantom key!" I cried, and we all trooped out into the holly-bedecked hall. The maid was routed out of her snug kitchen and I requested silence. Then I went outside the front door and slipped my key into the lock.

"There!" I announced, stepping into the hall. "Is that the sound you heard?"

Annie agreed that it was.

We tried the experiment again, this time with the company assembled in the dining-room to see whether the sound of my key could be heard there.

"Yes, we all heard it," they called cheerfully. I scratched my head in bewilderment, and came rushing back.

"Heard what?" I asked.

"The sound of your key."

"But I didn't use it!" I told them in amazement. "I was just getting it out of my pocket when you called!"

We didn't know whether to laugh or gasp. The women peered out into the lofty hall apprehensively; and then, in the hushed silence, came a sudden, rasping, metallic click—as of a key being inserted into the lock!

But it did not come from the front door; it came from some point a yard or two to the right, where another door

Mysterious footsteps!

gave access to a cupboard under the stairs.

"Why, it's the gas meter!" gasped Annie—and thus our second ghost was laid. The gas meter it was; but it required little imagination to confuse the noisy clicking of its dial with the sound of a key grating in a lock. Normally, with people talking and moving about, it passed unnoticed; it was only when the house was silent that the sound filtered forth so misleadingly.

After this second *denouement* we were prepared to let the mice have the honour of the footsteps—until we heard them again at breakfast next morning.

We peered upward at the ceiling and strained our ears. Pat-pat-pat-pat; pat-pat-pat-pat . . . The sounds came down to our ears distinctly.

My wife crossed to the bell with a grim smile.

"We must let Annie hear for herself," she said.

Annie came in and was requested to listen. But the footsteps had ceased.

"Never mind," said my wife after we had waited patiently for some minutes. "We'll call you in next time."

THE next time, as it happened, was two days later, but, as if from sheer caprice, the wandering footsteps halted immediately Annie was called in.

It was this fact which eventually brought enlightenment. It dawned upon us that, as Annie was invariably in the kitchen when the footsteps started overhead, and as they always ceased when she rushed into the sitting-room, there must be some common link. Possibly the footsteps we heard were an echo of her own.

We were very near the truth—but a miss is as good as a mile. When Annie obligingly stamped about, so that we could test this theory, there was no answering echo.

Yet later in the day we heard the footsteps again! We yelled for Annie, and in she rushed—missing the phenomenon by a full minute.

"There's only one thing for it," I said. "We must leave both doors wide open, and Annie must hold herself in readiness to get off the mark the moment we call."

And that was the beginning of the end. When next the footsteps commenced their ghostly prowl I happened to be standing by the sideboard. I could see through into the kitchen, and I caught a glimpse of Annie in the act of putting some coke on the stove.

In answer to our shout she dropped the shovel and literally hurled herself through both doorways into our presence. *But she missed the footsteps.*

I made her go back to the stove and then cross to her chair; then walk back to the stove again. Every sound that her feet made was reproduced clearly above our heads!

IT now only remained to find out the explanation of this freak of acoustics, and this we did by taking it in turns to walk about the kitchen and listen in the dining-room.

The truth was simple, as the truth invariably is. The sound was carried by hot water pipes which ran up from the side of the stove and, passing through the ceiling, led across the upstairs landing to a spacious airing-cupboard outside the door of the locked room.

But this happened only when anyone trod upon certain floorboards. That is why our earlier stamping test failed.

So that was that. Our three ghosts were laid. The phantom key, bells and footsteps all accounted for in a very ordinary way. But what a queer coincidence that these three phenomena should be found together at one time and in one house!

Add to that the fact that it was, to us, a strange house, and I think you will understand why we allowed our imaginations to run away with us.

But there remains Mr. Mankalow. I encountered him once again, this time in the estate office, when I went to hand over the keys.

Viewed in the cold light of day, there seemed nothing furtive or sinister about him. Nor, indeed, was there, for he had just concluded negotiations to take over the house on the cliffs.

He recognised me, and was overwhelming in his apologies for having bothered us in his house-hunting zeal.

Of course, I said he hadn't bothered us at all! So he went happily on his way, little dreaming that we owed *him* an apology, too!

NEXT WEEK: *"Trapped in an Inferno"—a reader's thrilling experience in a bush fire, announced in our last issue, will be published in "John Bull" next week.*

The "Greatest of These" Fund

"Lucky mothers who can fill their kiddies' stockings!"

No Santa for Them, unless . .

CHRISTMAS, with its intensely human appeal, is close upon us. Children gaze with ecstasy at the toys and good things displayed in the shop windows. "Oh, mummy, look at that—and that," they cry, pointing to some object that has for them a peculiar fascination.

And they are lucky mothers who can fill their kiddies' stockings with the coveted presents on Christmas morning.

But how about the countless homes of the unemployed where it is an added misery to the parents to hear their kiddies ask what Santa Claus is going to bring them? They know that, unless some miracle happens, Santa Claus will pass them by.

After Christmas, it is true, many poor children get a treat or a present from the Sunday School they attend. But Christmas Day itself, as regards a gift or a Christmas dinner, must be a washout for them, because it is quite impossible for their parents to provide anything extra out of their unemployment pay or the relief accorded them by the Public Assistance Committee.

Our office table is piled with pathetic appeals where the poverty is due to no fault of the parents. We quote one picked out at random, endorsed by a minister:

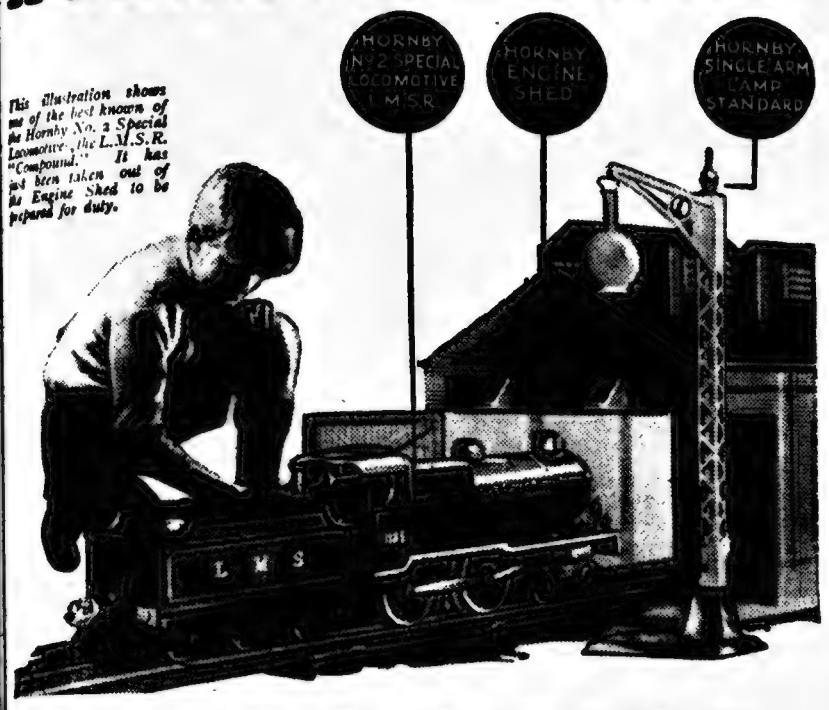
"I am writing for a gift for the sake of my children for Christmas. I lost my husband in February, 1931, who served in the Army from 1916 to 1919. I have four boys, aged ten, eight and five years, and a baby two years and four months old. My rent is 8s. 10d., and all I get is 24s. a week pension. I would be very grateful for help."

We, too, will be very grateful for help from our better-off readers, so that we may play the part of Santa Claus to as many of these families as possible.

All donations should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions can be seen at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

We acknowledge with thanks 10s. from "Janey," 5s. from "Hope," and 5s. from "Constant Reader."

GIVE YOUR BOY A HORNBY RAILWAY!



This illustration shows one of the best known of the Hornby No. 2 Special Locomotive, the L.M.S.R. "Compound." It has just been taken out of the Engine Shed to be prepared for duty.

Your boy is excited and thrilled at the sight of real trains; give him a railway of his own on which he can carry out almost every operation he has seen in actual practice. Start him on a wonderful hobby that will never lose its interest.

The Hornby Railway System is the best in the world because it follows so closely the "real thing." There is a wide range of powerful Locomotives and Rolling Stock of almost every type in common use. The Rails, Points and Crossings are designed to produce an endless variety of layouts, and the splendid Accessories provide the final touch of realism.

Get him a copy of the Hornby Book of Trains described here, and let him make his choice. If you prefer to have an ordinary price list, you may obtain a copy of folder No. 6 from any Meccano dealer, free of charge, or direct from Meccano Ltd., price 1d. Write to Department AP.

PRICES OF HORNBY TRAINS FROM 5/- TO 85/-.

The 1932-33 Hornby Book of Trains

This year's edition contains splendid articles of absorbing interest to all railway enthusiasts, and every page is illustrated.

In addition there are details and prices of every item in the Hornby system.

You must get this book for your boy. It may be obtained for 3d. from any Meccano dealer, or post free from Meccano Ltd., for 4½d. in stamps.

HORNBY TRAINS

BRITISH MADE

FULLY GUARANTEED

Manufactured by MECCANO LIMITED DEPT. AP. OLD SWAN LIVERPOOL

A Novel and Delightful Gift for Men

A tiny spring button at the end of the razor handle holds razor rigidly in place and prevents rattling when case is closed.

Unique gutter channel and solid bar guard of Daymark Razor ensure maximum smoothness of shave and ease of cleaning.

Spare blades in concealed well. Lid of this well forms bracket for razor handle. Blades cannot rattle or become disarranged.

Complete Outfit only 7/6

At this modest price the latest "Traveller's" model of the Myatt Daymark Razor Set will be among the most popular and welcome gifts of the Season.

The Outfit is so designed that no rattling or displacement can occur when the case is closed. The razor is a special "Daymark" model in gilt, having all the exclusive luxury shaving features that have made this make famous. The polished, moulded case is handsomely appointed with gilt fittings.

OTHER MODELS

Standard Outfit, including heavily plated razor and one Daymark Blade in leatherette spring-lid case - - **2/6**

Superior Outfit in crushed morocco grain case including heavily plated razor, spare blade box and five Daymark Blades **5/-**

Nickel Plated Outfit, handsomely finished razor, five Daymark Blades and spare blade box - - - **10/6**

De Luxe Model, heavily plated special adjustable razor, ten Daymark Blades and spare blade box - - **21/-**

As above, but in Goldoid - - **25/-**

MYATT

DAYMARK RAZOR SETS

Made in England by W. J. Myatt & Co., Ltd., *Contractors to the War Office and H.M. Office of Works*, Argent Works, Birmingham.

Myatt Blades are the only blades supplied to the British Army.

If he uses an Auto Strop Razor treat him to some MYATT AUTO BLADES (for old or new type razors), now obtainable at 3d. each, or in packets of 5 for 1/3.

Bananas

BLUE LABEL FYFFES BRAND

so nourishing and always VALUE FOR MONEY

Hayward's MILITARY PICKLE & SAUCE

With the hot steak, or fish, try a little Military Sauce, or with the cold roast joint, the famous Military Pickle. Both give added zest to the appetite.

PICKLE
10½d. and 1/6 per bottle.

SAUCE
6d. & 9d. per bottle.

Of all Grocers.

HAYWARD BROS., LTD., KENNINGTON, S.E.11.

MODERN MOTHERS STAY YOUNG!

SPENCER MATERNITY BELT Maternity Bandeau

This Belt will be individually designed for the pre-determined wearer to relieve spinal strain, and to prevent backache, headache and nausea. Slip it on, and in a moment it is adjusted.

The uplift-Bandeau pictured will maintain the youthful contour, preventing sagging both before and after maternity, and is excellent for nursing mothers.

Write Spencer Corsets Ltd., Banbury, Oxon, for name of nearest local Corsetiere. This will not place you under any obligation.

SPENCER

Individually designed Foundation Garments and Surgical Supports.

Branch Offices and Salons:
LONDON: 96, Regent St., W.1. Tel.: Regent 6206
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BRISTOL: 22, Clare St. - Tel.: Bristol 24801
LIVERPOOL: 19, Church St. Tel.: Royal 4021

"CHEST COLD removed overnight"

"There are some remedies for everyday complaints which seem to be excellent for some people and useless for others. Your Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment appears to me to be different. My entire little family (as well as friends to whom I have recommended it) find it removes a cough or chest cold overnight—without any 'if' and 'buts'."
Yours truly, (Mrs.) B. W., Putney.

Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment is unequalled for affections of the chest and lungs, especially in pneumonia, 'flu, or with coughs, colds and sore throats. This clean, white ointment penetrates right down to the seat of the trouble. Its soothing, healing warmth draws out the pain and soreness, and loosens the congestion—without burn or blister. Always keep a jar handy in the house, because when you want it, you want it badly. Insist on the genuine Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. Obtainable from all chemists.

MUSTEROLE BRAND
MUSTARD OINTMENT
MADE IN ENGLAND
Thos. Christy & Co., 4-12 Old Swan Lane, E.C.4

They can conquer . .

That Bogey —FEAR

A FAMOUS artist once painted a problem picture. It depicted a man entering a doctor's surgery, and on his face there was a look which told of a nameless fear. He was haunted by the thought of what was in store for him.

There are a good many people about to-day who would make "problem pictures." Walk through the streets of any of our great cities and you will find them. For we are fast becoming a fear-ridden community.

The shadow of failure, of unemployment, of poverty, and a thousand and one other things are making people frightened almost to live.

H. G. Wells has told us in his book, "Men Like Gods," that—"As night goes round the earth there are hundreds of thousands of people lying awake paralysed with fear when they ought to be fast asleep." And this paralytic fear will go on just as long as conditions remain as they are.

"I have a wife and three children," writes one of my correspondents, "one of them a very delicate girl of thirteen. I have been out of work for eighteen months, and I am simply dreading the future."

Of course he is! How can he help it? There is only one remedy in his case—and that is to find a job. And that, alas, in these days, is not easy.

But there is another kind of fear that is definitely curable. It starts with us in our cradles and goes on right through life. Let me deal with some typical cases:

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

Probed by

PHILIP INMAN

A MOTHER writes to tell me about her little boy, who is six years old, and who is afraid to go out by himself.

"I even have to take him to school," she goes on. "The trouble seemed to start six months ago, when I took him with me shopping. A runaway horse galloped down the street and the people started to shriek and rush about in all directions. Before we could get into a shop the horse came dashing down the road again and nearly knocked us down.

"My little boy clutched hold of me and simply shook with fright, and for the rest of the day I could do nothing with him. Many a night since he has awakened in a terrible state, and screams out that a horse is running over him. This fright seems to be affecting him very badly, and I wonder if you could tell me what I should do?"

From one cause or another there are many nervous and frightened children about to-day, and I am afraid many parents go to work the wrong way in trying to cure them. It is of no earthly use simply telling such children not to be frightened. Something must be done to get at the root of the fear.

Let us take this particular case. That child has photographed on his young mind the picture of a runaway horse. It has made such an impression upon him that he thinks all horses are dangerous. This, as we know, is not true, for they are usually very quiet and gentle creatures.

In a very tactful way that mother should change his outlook. She could do this in two ways. When a tradesman with a horse and van calls at her house, she should enquire if it is a quiet animal, and, if so, encourage her boy to make friends by giving it sugar, biscuits, and the like. This would inspire his confidence and help to remove the erroneous impression.

THEN I notice my correspondent does not live far from the seaside. It would be worth while to take her child there and allow him to have donkey rides.

It is obvious that his nervous trouble dates from that shock of six months ago, and it will gradually disappear as the cause of his fright is removed.

And from a child of six let us proceed to a young man of twenty-two. On the face of it, his trouble takes some finding. He is, to outward appearances, a very lucky fellow. Standing on the threshold of life, his parents both alive, and with a secure job which carries a pension—what more does he want?

Well he, at any rate, is far from satisfied. Let me quote some extracts from his letter:

"The last two years of my life have been horrible. I am simply left out in the cold. Both my brothers and old school companions are leaving me alone. I have failed examinations which at school I should have laughed at.

"I have tried to alter my character in order to acquire confidence, and am now utterly weary of it all. As I think of the future I am terribly afraid, for to me life seems to offer nothing at all. I should not even mind dying, for a long rest would be a godsend to me."

Now why have I taken the trouble to publish such an effusion? Simply because this man is not alone. There are many others who feel like him. Fear of failure and of the future is widely prevalent to-day. And it is sometimes more pronounced in cases where there is no reason for it.

It is of no use saying to such folk that their fear is groundless. It is no good simply telling them to dismiss it from their minds. For the trouble is very real to them.

It is far better to say, "Look your problem full in the face! Examine it. Tear it to pieces." And by this process they will discover what it really is—simply a bogey.

"My little boy clutched hold of me and simply shook with fright"

THAT is what my correspondent must do. If he does not, it will proceed to grow, and, whilst I do not wish to be pessimistic, I must warn him that his last state will be worse than his present one.

"I am left out in the cold," he complains. He can easily alter that.

Let him join some dramatic club, a debating society, or, better still, one of the organisations for helping other people.

The best cure for a case of this kind is to discover that there are folk far worse off than one's self.

And now for the trouble of a married man. He tells me that he is twenty-nine years of age, and by occupation a police officer. Yet he is suffering in his work and in his chances of promotion by what he calls his "peculiar temperament."

"When I am summoned to appear before superior officers," he goes on, "I am seized with nervousness, and I scarcely know whether I am standing on my head or my heels. I seem unable to collect my thoughts, with the result that I am unable to give clear and concise answers to any questions put to me. It is only when I have left the office that I realise what I should have said."

NOW, if this man is doing his job well there is no real cause for such a state of mind. It follows, therefore, that it is due to lack of self-confidence, or what is commonly known as an inferiority complex. Fear that remains unchecked becomes distorted until it is sheer funk, and the more it develops the greater it becomes.

For this trouble is a kind of blackmail, and it is far better to face it once and for all than to have life-long misery living at the mercy of the blackmailer!

If my correspondent does not feel he has sufficient will-power to overcome his weakness, he can certainly obtain help to rid himself of the bugbear.

In most cities there are psychologists whose function it is to minister to the mind just as a physician does to the body. And I would recommend my correspondent to consult one of them

Are you in trouble? Every week "Humanist" deals with our readers' knottiest problems. He is always ready to help you. Don't hesitate to write to him if you need his help. Enclose a stamped envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter published.

Nine more days

Readers have no time to lose if they wish to receive their JOHN BULL Pen and Pencil Sets in time for Christmas.

No other Gift Offer made by JOHN BULL has been so popular. Applications are pouring in faster than ever.

A Gift Voucher worth 5s. or a Gift Voucher worth 2s. 6d.—either will be accepted in part payment of a superb Pen and Pencil Set. Which one will you have? Turn to page 38. Hurry!

NEW KNOWLEDGE FOR MOTHERS

Health Secret for Children Revealed

The "Rowntree" kind of cocoa found to contain amazing digestive qualities.

There is one way in which every mother tries to guide her children's health very carefully—and that is in seeing that their meals are easily digested.

No wonder, then, that mothers everywhere are delighted with the discovery recently made in a famous London hospital, which gives them a key to better digestion of *all* food.

Have you heard of the new discovery?

A long series of experimental tests by a famous scientist has revealed the fact that Rowntree's Cocoa is not only easily digested itself—

it acts as an aid to the digestion of all food eaten with it. This cocoa, by stimulating the whole digestive process, actually helps you to digest your food better, so that you get more good from it.

When you give the children a cup of Rowntree's Cocoa with their meal, their food is *better for them.* At supper-time, when it is essential that children have a light, easily digested meal, Rowntree's is the perfect beverage. Give it to the children as often as they like it—it can only do them good.

If you have never drunk Rowntree's Cocoa yourself, why not try it now? You'll love its delicious flavour, and it's just as good for grown-ups as for children.

In ½ lb. and ¼ lb. tins at 6d. and 11d. with free gift coupons.

A TRAINED NURSE, now the mother of four fine children, says: "When I was working as a nurse I knew how careful one had to be about the *digestibility* of children's food. And I've learned a lot more about it with my own children! I'm a firm believer in Rowntree's Cocoa because I know it's light and easily digested, and I'm positive it's an excellent beverage for all children. I'm sure it's helped to keep mine as healthy as they are! They all love it, too."

For Doctors Only

It is now realised that far too little attention has in the past been paid to the daily beverages which are given to children. These may have a very important bearing on health—particularly the beverages which are taken with meals.

That is why the new discovery about Rowntree's Cocoa is so important.

The tests recently carried out in a well-known London hospital leave no doubt that this cocoa is easily digested, and, in addition, helps the digestion of other food eaten with it. The fact that Rowntree's Cocoa is proved to be an aid to digestion is tremendously important, and must obviously be of very real interest and help to mothers of growing children. To have at hand a pleasant beverage, actually beneficial to the digestion, is a genuine help in planning children's meals.

GUIDING CHILDREN THROUGH THE DIFFICULT YEARS.

Every mother will benefit by this information.

Members of the medical profession and qualified nurses desiring the scientific evidence on which these statements are based will be sent particulars on request. Write to the makers, Rowntree and Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B, 7. York, giving qualifications.

ROWNTREE'S

Gift value increased!

Fewer coupons now required.

The digestible Cocoa

Three Free Gift Coupons in every ¼ lb. tin, price 6d.

CO.437-84.

And Now He Loves Me

More Than Ever

"Hello dear. Say, I've had a tiff with George. What!—— Why he telephoned three times last week saying he had to work late . . . matter of fact I heard he was at the Kat Kall Club with that smart little blonde in his office. I was dreadfully upset . . . . That day my hairdresser asked me to try Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood—said you could get a new white skin in 3 days . . . . Would you believe it—at the end of the week George told me he had never seen me look so young and attractive since we were first married . . . 10 years ago. The silly dear is really more in love with me than ever. I'm sure he's quite forgotten about the blonde. I really owe it all to Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood. If you have not tried it, my dear, get some at once."

Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood contains predigested dairy cream and olive oil, combined with whitening, tonic and astringent ingredients. It instantly penetrates the pores, dissolves blackheads so that they fall away and tightens enlarged pores; whitens and softens the darkest, roughest skin. Gives indescribable new skin beauty and freshness in 3 days, such as can be obtained in no other way.

FREE. By arrangement with the manufacturers any reader of this paper may now obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing the new Tokalon skinfood creams (rose for the evening, white for the day). It contains also trial packets of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Tokalon Ltd., (Dept. 422H), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

Your Furnishing troubles SOLVED! *Turn to page 16!*

BALDNESS

That Book Brought us Hair Growth

by true, honest, frank advice. It taught us

HAIR SENSE

How to

SAVE, IMPROVE, RESTORE QUANTITY, QUALITY AND COLOUR of our hair.

Learn how Hair Growth should be maintained throughout life by man as well as by woman.

POST FREE

F. W. BROMLEY, M.N.I.S., M.C.R.S.

Specialist on Hair Growth & Scalp Diseases.

12, KING STREET, MANCHESTER.

NINE CHRISTMAS JOBS

—Well Done for Sixpence!

Do you know there are at least nine ways in which a sixpenny (or any) bottle of Milton in the house can play a most helpful and valuable part at Christmas time? You will find them under these numbers in the little book, '154 ways to use Milton,' supplied free with every bottle.

No. 139—Cooking Smells.
Keep the smell of cooking in the kitchen, and away from your guests. Milton is marvellous for this purpose. Please read the instructions under No. 139.

No. 135—Bacon and Hams.
A solution of Milton and water if washed over uncooked bacon or hams, will prevent the formation of mould or slime—or remove it if already formed.

Nos. 118 and 122—Stains.
Woodwork marked by sticky glasses, food spilt on table-cloths and party frocks—Milton will instantly remove the stains. Important—do read the instructions please.

No. 107—Drooping Flowers.
When flowers have 'gone tired' and you can't buy any more because it's Boxing Day—one drop of Milton in the vase will revive them. Or, better still—one drop added while the flowers are fresh will keep them fresh twice as long as usual.

No. 43—Overeating.
Tommy—Susie—somebody is *sure* to eat a bit too much of the good fare! Tummy-ache! Then read No. 43 if you wish for quick, safe relief.

No. 151—Accidents and Emergencies.
Burns, cuts, bruises, sprains! Don't let anybody's Christmas be spoiled—when Milton will ease the pain instantly and heal in no time!

No. 101—Cleansing Air.
Stuffiness and stale tobacco fumes are banished from the room in which a bowl of Milton solution has been allowed to stand overnight.

Nos. 6 and 7—Alcoholic Breath.
Half a teaspoonful in a tumbler of water, used as a gargle, removes every odour from the breath in three seconds.

No. 9—Smoker's Mouth.
Rinse the mouth and bathe the lips with ½ teaspoonful in ½ tumbler of water. You'll be delighted with the quick relief.

You'll find these directions under the above numbers in your booklet. If you've mislaid the booklet, there's another one with each bottle—and Milton costs only sixpence. It will mean a happier Christmas.

"HAIL, RAIN OR SNOW"—Take GLO

For refreshment and health Glo is unequalled. A perfect blend of ginger, orange, cinnamon, and other ingredients, with pure cane sugar. Piping hot in the morning, it heartens you for a good day's work. At night it brings healthful sleep.

1/- per box of 12 Cubes, with Glass Crusher, or 1d per Cube. Obtainable from Chemists, Grocers, including Co-op. Societies, Stores, etc., and all Boots' and Taylor's Branches.

GLO

K. Dean-Davies and Co., 88, Dale Street, Liverpool.

A QUICK CURE FOR COUGHS

It is well-known that one of the best remedies for coughs, colds, catarrh and sore throat is a honey syrup compounded of Honey and Balsam of Tolu to soothe and heal cough-torn tissue; Squills, Ipecac and Menthol to loosen phlegm and to clear clogged passages; and Oil of Pine to destroy germ infection. All these ingredients are combined in 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup, a quick and sure treatment for all bronchial troubles. Half a teaspoonful of 'Pineate' Honey Syrup instantly kills germs, allays irritation, soothes soreness, cuts choking phlegm, and thus speedily banishes even the most obstinate cough. Any chemist can supply 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup at 1s. 6d. a bottle; it is pleasant to take, and its three-fold action invariably gives instant relief.

My Pantomime Dream Came True

—in my GREATEST HOUR by JULIAN WYLIE

I WEPT during my greatest hour. I am not ashamed to admit it. Although I had been producing pantomimes for eighteen years, there I sat at the opening performance of "The Sleeping Beauty" at Drury Lane three years ago shedding tears to the surprise of everyone around who saw me.

No wonder they were puzzled, for the reason for those tears was one that nobody in that vast theatre could have understood.

I cried because I saw my youthful dream come true before my eyes. Not my dream of one day producing a pantomime at "the Lane," although that had certainly been a life-long ambition of mine. No, it was more than that, as I will explain

When I was young, Old Drury had been the traditional home of pantomime. I had sat at the feet of my old and valued friend Arthur Collins and wondered whether I would ever enter those hallowed portals as a producer myself.

Years went by, and my ambition seemed as far away from realisation as ever. Then one day when I could hardly rein myself in I wrote to Sir Alfred Butt, who then controlled the destinies of the theatre, suggesting that I might provide a Christmas show.

For a wearying time I heard nothing, and I put the matter out of my mind. And when at last came a letter from the theatre asking me to call I went round thinking it meant anything except what it actually did mean.

Youthful thrills

I left the theatre treading on air. The question they put to me there was one that made me want to shout with joy. Would I produce a pantomime for them? Would I let them know as quickly as possible what I had in mind, so that all the plans could be made?

I should think I would. And the next thing was to find out what was the best pantomime to put on in a theatre at which anything that fell short of the best would look futile, meagre and ridiculous. I turned the different fairy story subjects over in my mind. I weighed them, and rejected them, and then turned to them again.

And then my mind went back to the greatest of the lot, which I had seen at "the Lane" when I was young—"The Sleeping Beauty." And my mind was made up.

I remember lying back and closing my eyes so that my brain could recapture all the old glories that thrilled me as a youth. And all the scenes lived again on the silver screen of memory that unfolded before me.

Once again I saw "Beauty" prick her finger and fall asleep before her startled Court as she had done so many years before, and so many years before that. And then I saw her gorgeously attired courtiers fall asleep around her. Then, on a scene of everybody sleeping (a very, very beautiful scene it was, I remember!), the curtain came gliding down.

The curtain rose again. . . .

There was the Court exactly as we had seen it, but with all the decay and discoloration of a hundred years impressed upon it now.

Tapestries had frayed and faded. Regal robes had lost their brilliance. Gems that had glittered had buried their fire in the dust of ages.

Phantom scene

The atmosphere suggesting the passing of a century over this lost Court had been one of the most wonderful and masterly things I had ever seen. And I remembered nothing that even approached it for artistry.

I must do that myself, I decided. I must bring it back again to London in all its old brilliance. Even if I failed to reach such heights, the result would be wonderful.

I went to see Arthur Collins and poured out the story of my ambition. He turned up the script of the particular pantomime and put it in my hands with his full permission to do what I liked with it. I thumbed my way through the pages desperately to find the part I wanted.

But it was not there. That scene never had been there. The script made no mention of it, and Arthur Collins was emphatic that no such thing had ever been staged.

It had grown up in my imagination out of the pantomime that had impressed me most—a mirage of my impressionable young mind.

I went all out for that big scene. I determined to stage it just as it had flickered through my mind. We rehearsed it and rehearsed it until the smallest hitch was impossible. And then the grand hour came.

The great theatre was crowded, and many of the most famous in the land were there to see Old Drury itself again. As I sat in my box, as nervous as any kitten, I could feel that excitement was bubbling all through the house.

"Here we are again!"

A telegram was handed to me—from Arthur Collins. Full of generous and warm-hearted good wishes, I keep it framed in a place of honour in my office to this day. "Here we are again," it began.

My brother Lauri got busy with a pencil. A verse of his composition went down to the clown. It was for the clown to recite by way of opening—easy verse, really, with "Here we are again" rhyming so well with the news that pantomime was back again at last at dear old Drury Lane.

The clown faced the hushed house with the verse now locked away in his memory. Dimly I heard him begin with Arthur Collins' words, "Here we are again," and then more clearly the lines—

"We're here again. We never died—
We only slept like she did;
The magic of one touch from you
Was all we really needed."

And at last, his last words spoken, the curtain went up, and my pantomime moved towards that scene that had been my youthful dream, and now gave me my greatest hour.

No, I was not ashamed to cry.

A backstage study of Mr. Julian Wylie "the King of Pantomime" (seated), in the throes of production

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slip."

GLAMORGAN FREE PRESS AND RHONDDA LEADER:—"Conditions in local collieries are gradually going from bad to WORK."

HUDDERSFIELD DAILY EXAMINER:—"Fourteen persons were killed including a BRIDGE."

GLASGOW EVENING TIMES:—"For the standard scratch SNORES of all courses are to be spring-cleaned completely."

EVENING CHRONICLE:—"The following are the entries for the Liverpool SPRING Cup, run at Aintree on NOVEMBER 11."

OXFORD TIMES:—"Late birds commonly experience a set-back in the form of gapes. When this MELODY occurs the evening feed should be especially nourishing."

FOOTBALL POST:—"Rain, which began to fall when RAIN started."

YORKSHIRE TELEGRAPH AND STAR:—"One of them was afterwards seen SEATING a biscuit."

NEWS CHRONICLE:—"A young man, fair complexion, 34 years of age, walks with a slight LISP."

HULL DAILY MAIL:—"The —— Recreation Club had an outing to Scarborough. They DINED at Scarborough."

BRISTOL EVENING POST:—"The hatch opened, and out stepped two UNFORMED sailors."

BROMSGROVE WEEKLY MESSENGER:—"The Rovers offered weak opposition and the home total might easily have been LAGER."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"Eleven riders qualified for replicas of the trophy for attaining speeds within ELEVEN-TENTHS of the winner's time."

HEANOR AND RIPLEY GAZETTE:—"— suffered a lacerated and dislocated thumb, and CONFUSION of the leg."

LIVERPOOL POST AND MERCURY:—"RABBIT —— delivered the address."

A great occasion for a little 'Cherry Blossom'

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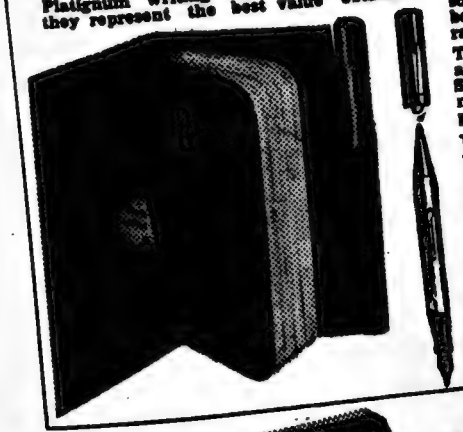

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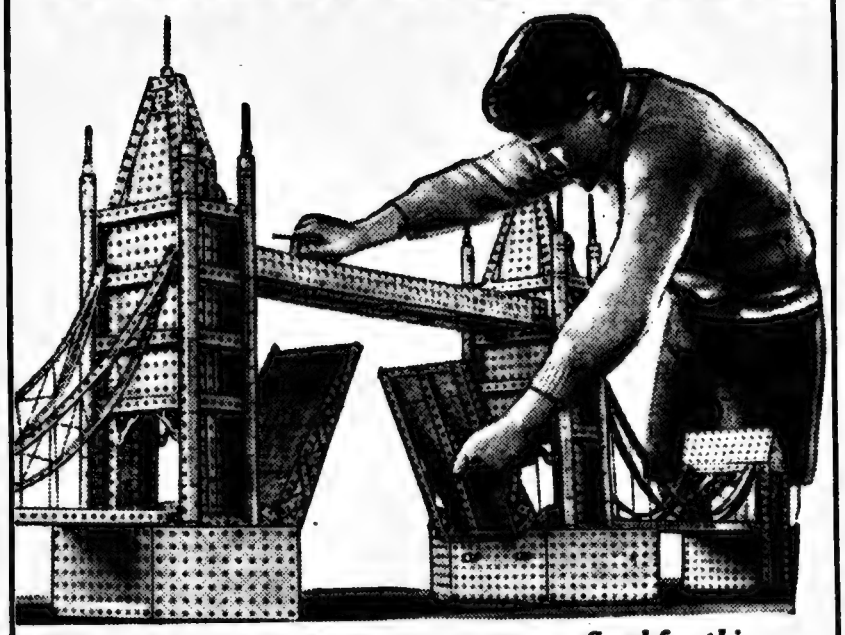
Meccano Reveals the Secrets of Engineering



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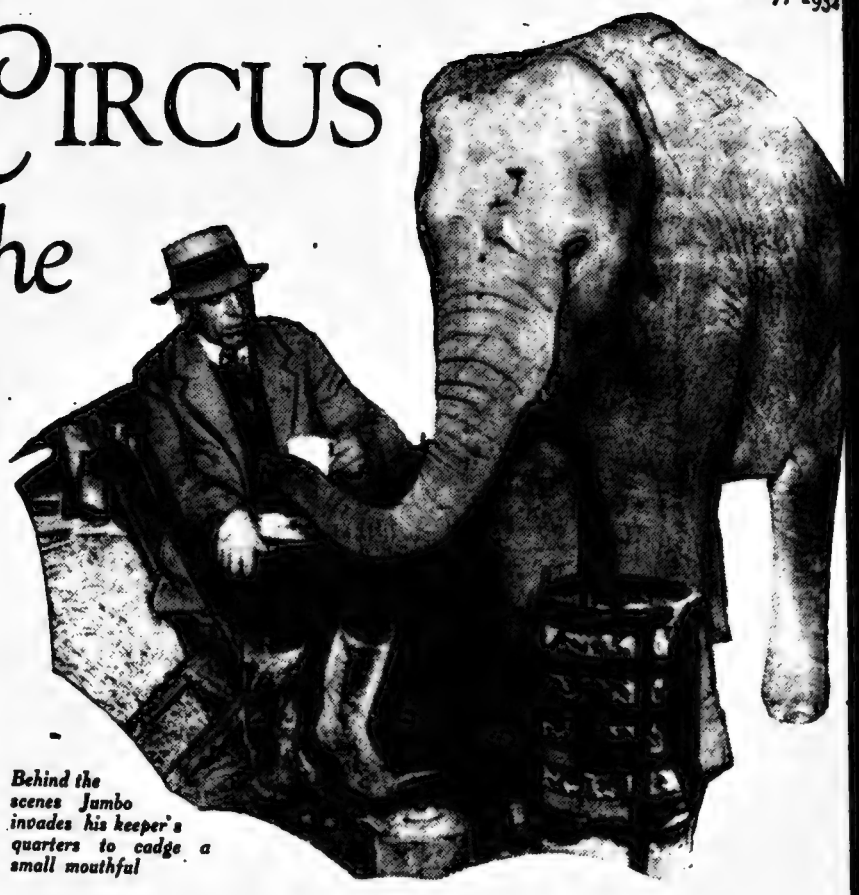
LUMBAGO RELIEVED AFTER A LIFETIME OF PAIN

If you are subject to the cruel, crippling pains of lumbago, you cannot afford to miss this gentleman's account of how he found blessed relief. His letter runs as follows: "I am in my 77th year. Up to the age of 73 I was subject to attacks of lumbago. Having received benefit from using 'Thermogene' in slight attacks of faceache, I decided to try what 'Thermogene' would do in the lumbar regions. I tacked a layer in a colic-belt, wearing it next to my skin. . . *Since following this remedy I have never had a single twinge of lumbago pain.*" Put a layer where the pain is—and almost at once you can feel your agony fading away. "Thermogen:" is relieving you—because it is removing the cause of your suffering. A box costs but 1s. 3d., or triple quantity 3s. (in Great Britain and Northern Ireland)—but when you've experienced what "Thermogene" brand of Medicated Wadding can do, you'd be willing to pay untold gold.

The CIRCUS *behind the* CIRCUS



Behind the scenes Jumbo invades his keeper's quarters to cadge a small mouthful

UNDER the flapping circus roof and the brilliant glare of electric arcs, the ring is empty, the sawdust and tan not yet trampled. The band is playing the people into their seats. It is the first night of the circus.

Performers from the four quarters of the world are putting the last touches of make-up to their faces; clowns are already gathering round the ring entrances. Soon the parade will pass across the ring with all its glamorous promise of thrills and fun to come, when turn will follow turn with clockwork precision.

That is the circus the public sees at the first night of the circus year; the show that goes with a swing and never a hitch, the public never realising the hard work, the foresight and the unceasing endeavour that has gone on behind the scenes for the best part of a year.

For the circus behind the circus never ends.

One long search

When, after the last performance of the Christmas season, the ringside is being dismantled, the first preparations are already being made for the next year's circus.

The showman's life is one of competition and unexpected problems. Much of his time is spent in the elusive search for new talent. The circus audience is avid for fresh sensations. Alas! for the showman, the thrilling new act is becoming rarer and rarer.

As the general standard of technique becomes higher, the really outstanding turn becomes more unique. Every showman dreams of it and will spend any money, take any trouble, to get it.

He will travel thousands of miles to see bear tamers in the wilds of Bosnia, Chinese jugglers on the road in Thibet, or a trick trapezist in Los Angeles.

Agents all over the world are watching for the wonderful new circus sensation. When they think they see it, the telegraph wires hum, and the showmen race across continents with contracts ready in their pockets. Sometimes the journey is in vain, the star turns out to be no star. That is the luck of the game; but no chance can be ignored.

Often when the contract is signed, the showman's difficulties are only beginning. Things have a way of going wrong, but whatever happens the public must not be disappointed; the turn must be in the ring when it is promised.

Held by the Soviet

Before the war one of the most highly paid and famous of circus stars was the Italian horse trainer, Truzzi. The war swallowed him up, the circus world wondered what had happened. Then news came that he had been interned in Russia; subsequently, at the time of the revolution, he was sent to Siberia.

Recalled to Leningrad, he worked once more, this time in the Soviet Circus. The greatest circuses in Europe and America offered him fabulous contracts; Truzzi was willing enough to accept them, but was refused permission to leave Russia.

Then an astute showman pulled wires at Geneva through the help of Soviet delegates. Truzzi received his permits. A steamer was sent to fetch him and his horses. Innumerable delays occurred; the showman began to get anxious. Finally the horses were shipped.

Still Truzzi did not arrive. Then came a cable: "Frozen in!" But the showman was equal to the emergency; an icebreaker was chartered and cut a way through the ice for Truzzi and his thirty-three horses. Eventually the cost of transport amounted to over a hundred pounds for each horse!

Transport is always a difficulty, for it is the unexpected which invariably happens.

One animal act, travelling from Paris to London, was held up at Le Havre because there was not a strong enough crane on the quayside to lift the cages containing the lions and tigers. A break-down crane had to be obtained from Paris before the animals could be embarked.

On another occasion an elephant refused to leave the ship at the London docks.

Nothing would induce him to descend the gangway, until someone hit on the brilliant expedient of building a tunnel, painted at one end to resemble trees and grass! Then Jumbo decided that the shore wasn't such a bad place, after all.

Bundles of fury

Sometimes, when time becomes all important, aeroplanes are pressed into service. The Customs officials at Croydon were rather taken aback, a year or so ago, when Captain Alfred stepped out of an aeroplane with his arms full of lion cubs!

Official requirements must be satisfied; horses have to be vetted before sailing and licences obtained for lions, tigers and cloven-footed animals, before they are allowed to land.

To facilitate matters, licences are ready by the time the animals arrive in port. But there was much trouble at Hull one year because the number of lions disembarked exceeded that on the official permit. A lioness had cubbed on the voyage—hence the discrepancy!

Performing dogs escape quarantine, but they must travel in securely fastened hampers or baskets and, on arrival, not be taken out of the circus, their exercise being confined to a backyard.

At the great Christmas circus at Olympia these dogs appear for only some six weeks and under very stringent regulations. Yet this does not enable the owner to dodge paying the ordinary dog licences. One zealous inspector suggested that as they were here for part of January as well as December actually two years' licences should be paid on each dog!

Some animals have a mutual dislike of each other; when they reach the circus great care must be taken to keep them apart. Horses are usually scared stiff of elephants and will become unmanageable at the approach of one.

Yet one famous circus elephant—Mary—took a great fancy to a pony and was unhappy if it was out of sight. They became inseparable companions. The trainer played on this; if Mary did not behave properly in the ring, she was punished; the pony was taken out of her stable!

Mary would be disconsolate until the pony appeared again, when Mary would gently feel her all over with her trunk until she was quite satisfied that the pony had come to no hurt!

But this friendship between elephant and horse was an extraordinary exception.

Getting the artistes to the circus also involves many complications. Circus folk are noted for their linguistic abilities; they seem to be able to talk any language under the sun except English! Consequently they have to be met when they arrive in London, helped with their masses of luggage (mostly "props") and even lodgings found for them.

Before they arrive, permits from the Ministry of Labour must be obtained granting them the necessary permission to work in this country.

Even when all the turns are safely at the circus, something may still go wrong!

One of the great attractions at a recent circus was a troupe of Cossack riders whose engagement had entailed enormous trouble and expense. Half an hour before the first performance their costumes had still failed to arrive.

Under his nose

It was then discovered that the boat carrying their baggage had been held up in the mouth of the Thames by a dense fog for two days and had only just berthed. A fleet of taxi-cabs was engaged, which raced away to the docks and arrived back at the circus just in time for the Cossacks to change and appear!

At the last moment a star turn may be discovered and that under the showman's very nose instead of being at some far corner of the world.

One year Bertram Mills, the famous circus proprietor, had just finished the dress rehearsal for his annual circus at Olympia when an old showman pulled his sleeve and begged him to come to Willesden to see a boy jockey who was performing in a small ragged tent on a piece of waste ground.

Mr. Mills went. He was so impressed that he wrote out a contract while the boy was grooming his horse.

In one night the boy jumped from obscurity to the fame of a circus star, for to appear at Olympia is the hall-mark of success in the world of the circus.

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VENO LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

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Here's good news for the thousands who lie awake night after night with indigestion! A very eminent medical man, probably the greatest authority on stomach troubles, some time ago discovered an almost certain cure for acid stomach.

He published his formula to the profession, and doctors all over the country have proved its worth up to the hilt, even with things like gastric and duodenal ulcers. Ask your doctor. He's sure to know of Maclean Brand Powder.

Now, at last, you can get it ready packed at any chemist. Now you can end all your digestive troubles, stop the pain and discomfort, cure those sleepless nights.

But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder under that exact name, with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles, in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

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CHRONIC NEURITIS

"Lost all use of Limbs—now able to do Housework."

"I am as active as in my younger days."

Mrs. DARBY, 46, Sandhurst Grove, Harehills, Leeds, writes:—

"I was a victim to Chronic Neuritis. I was absolutely helpless, suffered terrible pain and lost the use of all my limbs. I decided to try Vitadatio, and after a few bottles I began to feel better, and now, although 71 years of age, I am able to do my housework and remain as active as in my younger days."

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Now Solve MY *Problem, please!*

by PHILIP INMAN

I WANT to turn the tables this week on my JOHN BULL friends and readers. While continuing to deal with their private problems elsewhere, I want to talk to them about *my* private problem for a change.

My difficulty is a very big one—and quite as interesting, I should say, and as vital as any of those that are submitted to me week by week.

The other day a woman wrote to me. . . . You could see the stain upon the notepaper where the tears had mingled with the ink. The reason of those tears was this: her son—her only child—had forgotten her seventieth birthday.

"This is the first time he has ever forgotten it," she said. "He got married a few months ago, and he has no time for his old mother now."

And it was clear that this son's indifference had nearly broken that old woman's heart.

I do not want this to happen in my case. For, you see, my difficulty also concerns a birthday. For some years now I have tried to ensure a happy and comfortable anniversary for someone very poor and deserving, and this year I want to make it better than ever. For this "someone" of mine has reached the great age of a hundred years!

Meet "Mr. X"

You want to know what it is? Well, in the police courts just now they are fond of using the pseudonym "Mr. X." For a few moments I am going to follow their example. Let me introduce you, therefore, to *my* Mr. X.

* * *

Once upon a time in the history of this country if you were knocked down by a rock or a wheel, or the weapon of your adversary, you simply lay where you fell—to die.

It was nobody's business to put you right, and if anyone took the trouble to inform your bereaved relatives, then it was simply an act of kindness.

Then, eight hundred years ago, some people of greater humanity and understanding got the feeling that this was all wrong.

They adopted the motto not simply to go where they were needed but where they were needed most. Paradoxically enough, the danger spots of those days were the pilgrims' ways to the shrines of the saints—the roads to Canterbury, York, Durham, Glastonbury, and scores of other places.

All along these roads those crusaders built the Houses of Hospitality. And these were the forerunners of our present hospitals. They did the best they could for those who needed them, but it was a poor best when we compare it with to-day. Within those whitewashed walls were congregated the fevered, the consumptive, the woman with child.

Very primitive were the measures that were used. Bleeding was the remedy for most things. And the number of casualties must have been ghastly!

But all this had one great advantage. It ushered in the dawn of a new era—the Day of Good Intentions took the place of callous indifference. Yet for five hundred years afterwards not a single hospital was founded in the great metropolis. The Normans passed; the Plantagenets ruled; Yorkshi fought Lancashire; Cromwell swe across the country. Kings, barons a even the Churches were continuous at war, if not against foreigners th against themselves.

During those five hundred yea whilst the art of healing remain stationary, London marched onward increasing its population and extendi its borders in all directions.

Then, at long last, there came anoth cycle. People arose who were just sympathetic, just as human, just considerate as their forbears of an ea lier generation. Hospitals started spring up in various places. Life w a sacred possession, and deserved, n demanded, everything that could done for its preservation.

And the years passed by. Kin followed king on our throne. After th Stuarts came the Georges, and the William the Fourth. And during h reign Mr X was born, just hundred years ago.

I suppose by now you ha guessed who he is. If you ha not, the answer is Charin Cross Hospital. Standing the very heart of the greate city in the world, this nation hospital has never closed doors.

"National" hospital I call Why? It is everybody's hospit because it is the local hospit of nobody. The 'buses th pass its doors carry the Ealin man to the City, the Ham stead girl to her office, th actor to the theatre where h is appearing, the housewife the Christmas show at the b stores, the hotel and restau ant-keeper to the wholesa fruit market.

Charing Cross Hospital always in the picture. Yo cannot keep it out. On th great days of the year, Lor Mayor's Show, Armistice Da Cup Final Days, the Openin of the Houses of Parliamen tens of thousands of peop stand beneath its shadow.

Many of them not only stan there, but they have to see its aid. For on these occasion the spacious Casualty Depar ments are full to overflowing Not only on the special days but on every day and ever night in the year, the hospita is there, waiting to succou those who have suffered misfortune o succumbed to sudden illness.

Let me emphasise again that it is no a local hospital. Its only passport i need, not residence. If anybody step off the kerb and gets crushed beneat the modern Juggernaut in this teeming noisy district, it is a thousand time more likely that he comes fro Leicester, or Wigan, or Durham, o Bristol or Birmingham than that h lives in the Strand.

"It is everybody's hospital." Whether the sufferer comes from Wigan or Cupar Fife, he will find the doors open. Here is a scene in the out-patients' department of Charing Cross Hospital

I'll leave it to you

Mr. X is just where the nation want him to be. He is like his ancestors o whom I have spoken—he stands wher he is needed the most.

As "Humanist" of JOHN BULL, it i my job to solve the problems of thou sands of readers every year. Now abou *my own* problem. I can't solve it—a least alone. What is it? Well, on this the hundredth birthday of Charin Cross Hospital, I want to give it a bum per present.

Its marvellous record is one of which we are justly proud. But we canno afford to live on our reputation—w have to prepare for further triumphs.

Now about this birthday present. We have just organised an appeal fo £100,000—a vast sum in these days but not impossible if all my friends and readers will come to our aid.

So I will leave my private problem in your hands. Will you solve it for me? Send what you can afford—money or trinkets or any other thing you like to me at Charing Cross Hospital London, W.C.2. You can't imagine how grateful Mr. X will be

Race with "Silver Ring"

National Hunt Plums

TWO of the plums of the National Hunt season, the Victory 'Chase and Victory Hurdle, events inaugurated at Manchester at the conclusion of the war, have done well at the acceptance stage.

I was hoping to see Kelisboro' Jack left in the event over fences, for, barring serious accidents, I am convinced Ivor Anthony has a Grand National winner in this splendid 'chaser. He gave a magnificent performance at Newbury when beating Tide and Cantillius II.

Gregalach, Inverse, Drintown and Brienz comprise a useful group from which the winner may spring, and I have most liking for Drintown.

The hurdlers are not a very gay batch, with the exception of Windermere Laddie, and I think the handicapper has given him too much to do with 12 st. 7 lb.

Another Band may do the trick for M. D. Peacock, and Welsh Chieftain has a chance.

Sandown Park is the venue this week-end and the Sandown 'Chase is the feature. Alike will probably win this.

Cantillius II., if sent, may win the Pond 'Chase, while Whincover looks "good" for the Maiden Hurdle.

The *Sporting Life* Weekly Edition, published on Saturday, is necessary to every racing enthusiast. Therein can be found the key to the successful coded selections published daily in the *Sporting Life*.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, December 15, to Wednesday, December 21.

B V D P M X Z R F 98 97 Y H S C O
93 94 95 U I E 96 L T W N G J K A Q

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

CRMSX would read ALIKE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. 93RPX94M972G would read BLUE VINNY.

Only 50% EFFICIENT

—if you are only 50% FIT!

Does your job seem to get more Difficult?

You *can't afford* to have insidious **CONSTIPATION** interfering with your efficiency if you're one of the World's Workers to-day! Why GO ON with this wretched **HALF-WELL** Existence?.. when a few days with **BEECHAM'S PILLS** will make a new being of you.. alert, fit, cheery, happy and GLAD to be Alive!

CONSTIPATION makes Work *Twice* as Hard!

INDIGESTION, WEAKNESS, LASSITUDE, HEADACHES, PAINS, IRRITABILITY, have no place in office, factory or home life! Take Beecham's Pills—they will conquer the CAUSE OF 90% of the ailments that make life miserable for you! In 90 cases out of 100, it is a Sluggish and Impure System that is the trouble; improperly eliminated Waste-Matter is slowly poisoning your Whole body from within. After a few days with BEECHAM'S you will feel and *look* twice as Bright and Healthy—and Work will become a pleasure again! *Start BEECHAM'S to-night!*

KEEP 100% FIT—with

Sold Everywhere

Beecham's PILLS

Worth A Guinea A Box

Do YOU suffer from ASTHMA *or* BRONCHITIS

Is it your unfortunate lot to be prevented at more or less frequent intervals from following your occupation owing to periodic attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis? Are you unable to enjoy the simple pleasures of life because you can never be sure when an attack will come on? Those suffering discomfort and misery, wretched days and sleepless nights may all be remedied by using Potter's Asthma Cure and the best thing about it is that the relief you gain is immediate, and you are delivered from the wretchedness that you have been enduring for years.

PREVENTION AND CURE.

Those who have the misfortune to be subject to attacks of Asthma should read our booklet "ARE YOU ASTHMATIC?" very carefully because it contains valuable information as to the cause, treatment and cure of Asthma and gives good advice as to food, meal times, digestion and what you should do and not do if you would avoid future attacks of your dreaded enemy. A copy goes with each Free Trial.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

is supplied by all chemists in full-sized tins at 1/6, or direct, post free 1/9, from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

TO OUTDOOR WORKERS
If you are subject to Asthma, Bronchitis, Lung or Chest Troubles and your occupation compels you to be out of doors, you are strongly recommended to smoke Potter's Asthma Smoking Mixture or Cigarettes which will give you instant relief.

POST THIS COUPON FOR FREE SAMPLE & BOOKLET

To Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

I enclose two penny stamps to cover postage for a Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, Smoking Mixture, and Cigarettes, also a copy of booklet "ARE YOU ASTHMATIC?"

Name.....

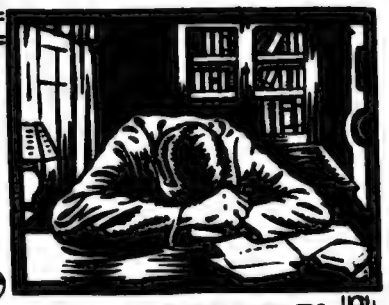
Address.....

.....

John Bull. PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Cures Piles

Man Zan will most surely end the nerve-torturing, down-dragging pain caused by internal, external, blind or bleeding piles. No ordinary ointment, but specially prepared from soothing, healing and strengthening balms, that give instant relief. Price 3/-, with special nozzle applicator, from all chemists, or you can obtain a free test supply, sent in plain wrapper, from E. C. De Witt & Co. Ltd. (Dept. R 20), Croydon.



MAN ZAN BRAND **PILE REMEDY**

If it's
LEG TROUBLE
You Must Have
Elasto Regd.

★ See Back Cover.

RHEUMATISM

can be cured. It is caused by excessive Uric Acid and when this poison is dissolved and removed from the system, rheumatism goes too. This is what URACE Brand Tablets do—quickly and safely, purifying the blood and banishing pain. Take them if you suffer from

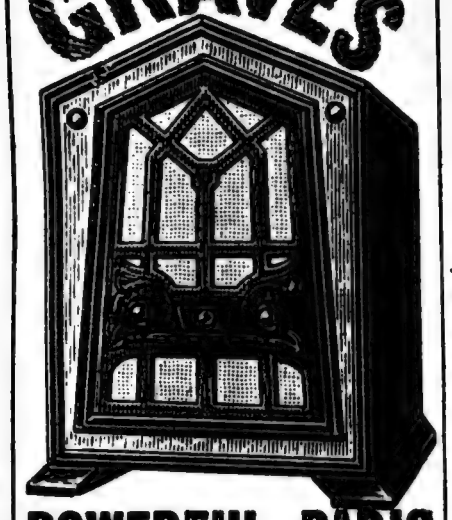
Gout	Sciatica	Kidney Troubles
Cramp	Neuralgia	Influenza
Backache	Nerve Pains	Lumbago, etc.

1'3 3/- 5/-

WRITE for FREE SAMPLE to URACE LABORATORIES (Dept. 53), 52, Bunhill Street, London, E.C.1.

URACE BRAND TABLETS

GRAVES



POWERFUL RADIO

Why pay fancy prices for Wireless Sets of doubtful capacity when you can become the owner of a really dependable British-made Receiver at a genuine bargain price, and on the Easiest Terms of payment ever made?

THE GRAVES 'MINERVA' 3-VALVE RECEIVER

Battery-operated, with Moving Coil Loud Speaker, is of proven excellence & will bear favourable comparison with other sets costing several pounds more. It is entirely self-contained, everything except the Aerial equipment being ingeniously accommodated inside the Oak finished cabinet which measures 16in high by 14in wide. Fitted with Moving Coil Loud Speaker of the newest type and operated by a super-capacity long-life H.T. Battery. It is made under Marconi Licence and incorporates only those components whose reliability and excellence are assured.

10/6 NOW

The Graves 'Minerva' 3-Valve Receiver is fitted with a new pattern All-steel Chassis, and is specially designed to provide powerful long-range reception. It is highly selective, & its tone is truly magnificent, the Moving Coil Loud Speaker giving life-like reproduction. It is easy to operate, inexpensive to maintain, & simple to control. Complete in all respects, including Aerial equipment & Free Delivery.

£8:8:0

TERMS: Our Bargain Price is for deferred payments. Send 10/6 now, and complete purchase in monthly payments of 10/6. Safely packed and Carriage Paid.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE POST FREE containing full details of this and other Table and Pedestal Models either for Batteries or All Mains, including Radio-Grams. Bargain Prices. Easy Terms.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

A COMPLETE SERVICE — THE BIG TWO — RACING & FOOTBALL

THE SAME GENEROUS TERMS as offered by the "Big Two" for the Flat apply to Racing under

NATIONAL HUNT RULES

Jockeys' Mounts, "Any-to-come," Owners' and Trainers' Selected, Systems —all accepted.

FIRST FAVOURITES

accepted for Singles, Doubles, and Accumulators.

LETTER COMMISSIONS are accepted from 1/- up to any amount in accordance with rules.

STARTING PRICE

If your Commission bears a postal time stamp not later than the set time of the race—any race—you will be on at full Starting Price.

ANTE-POST ODDS

Commissions received at long odds before the day of the race will be on at full market price quoted at time of posting.

FOOTBALL

14 LISTS TO CHOOSE FROM

6 LEAGUE, 5 LEAGUE, 4 LEAGUE.

Nothing Barred, Nothing Starred

DAVID COPE

& ALFRED H. MAURICE, LTD.,

227, BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2

Our HAPPIEST Christmas Surprise

by

LETTER PARLIAMENT

Contributors

A CARD, that was all. But what a wealth of meaning it conveyed to me as I lay on a sick bed at home. My aches, pains and feeling of utter wretchedness vanished as I gazed on it.

I was feeling very lonely when I received the card. "One of the lads remembers me," thought I, glancing at the Indian stamp.

My surprise was great when I saw that the card was covered with the autographs of my former comrades of the R.A.F. They had not forgotten me.—*"Negative," West Hartlepool.*

Welcome Knock

It was Christmas week. Our goods were under distraint for rent, and our larder was empty.

Answering a knock at the door, a man handed me an envelope with a "Merry Christmas," and disappeared. Shortly afterwards another knock and a hamper full of Christmas fare was handed in. The envelope contained a receipt for our rent to date.

Our distress was turned to joy, and to this day we do not know who was our benefactor. God bless him wherever he is.—*A. S., Plymouth.*

Just Waiting

My happiest Christmas surprise is coming soon. Five-year-old baby fingers have been busy lately making presents as a surprise for Mum and Dad.

Also pennies are being carefully saved. Shy little questions, "Do you like blue or pink hankies best?" or "Do you want some new beads, mummy?" and "Does daddy really like woodbines best?" are asked.

Only a trifle some would say; but I'm just waiting for my best and happiest Christmas surprise, my baby's first present to me.—*"Happy Mother," Staffs.*

No Longer Alone

Alone and friendless at the age of seventeen, I was asked by a girl friend to help at table at her engagement party on Christmas Day.

I consented, and had a wonderful Christmas surprise. Her sweetheart was my brother, who I had lost two years previously when our home was broken up.

I was no longer alone and friendless, for they were soon after married and I shared their home.—*D. D., Alum Rock.*

Lucky Meeting

It was Christmas morning. We were crossing the Bay of Biscay, homeward bound, when the ship ran into fog. Shortly afterwards a small tramp steamer came into collision with us. She was badly holed, and the crew were brought aboard our ship. Fifteen minutes later she sank.

The next morning, I went aft to chat with the crew, when I saw among them my brother, whom I had believed killed in France.

Explanations followed. He had been a prisoner of war, and, released after the Armistice, had been unable to trace me, his only relative.—*M. T., Bishopsworth.*

Secret Told

Twelve months after our wedding-day, my wife and I sat together by the open window listening to some carol-singers.

With her lips slightly parted, and a faint flush on her cheek, my wife seemed carried away by the music and the message. Presently she shivered slightly. "Close the window, dear," she said. "I must take great care—now."

Then, pressing her blushing cheek against mine, she whispered "something."—*H. W., Southampton.*

Unexpected

It was Christmas Eve some five years ago. I was head of a department of girls, and, our work finished, we were celebrating with cakes and wine.

Then one girl came forward with a small parcel, and, making a nice little speech on behalf of herself and the girls, handed it to me.

I felt choked, but, imagine my feelings, on opening the package there lay the daintiest little gold watch.

An unexpected present, and certainly my happiest Christmas surprise, which I shall always treasure.—*D. M. C., Norwich.*

Not Forgotten

I was seventeen, and the only worker in the home. My mother had told the kiddies there would be no Santa Claus that year.

I got a lovely surprise when my employer gave me a 10s. note for a Christmas box. I went out and bought toys, nuts, apples and oranges, and filled their stockings.

No one knows the joy it gave me on Christmas morning when I saw their little faces lit up with surprise when they found that Santa Claus had not forgotten them after all.—*M. B., Bramley.*

White Magic

Living in a sheltered Dorset valley, never saw snow until my seventh birt day, and my child mind was beginni to wonder whether the beautiful scen on the Christmas cards were really true

On Christmas morning, following m joyful investigation of a well-cramm stocking, mother carried me to th window. A magic wand had covered th house-tops, trees and downs with mantle of purest white.

As I gazed in silent wonderment o the scene, a robin perched on the bat room window-sill, and my happiness w complete.—*E. B., Puddleton.*

Practical Pastor

Christmas Day dawned without its fe tive cheer, for sickness cast a gloom ov our home, when a knock came at th door, and in walked the minister from ou church.

His presence cheered me, and pray was offered for my patient. Then, whe leaving he shook hands and said. "Go bless you," and put a 10s. note in m hand, adding. "This will help you on life road."

Happy surprise struck me dumb. Tha minister's thought and kindness lives o —*"Dot," Walsall.*

Dried Tears

I had given up all hopes of ever seei my soldier-husband again. Two month had passed since I had news of him, an I was very unhappy.

On Christmas Eve, after putting my tw babies to bed, I sat crying softly. Ju after midnight, hearing a knock at th door, I asked who was there, and a voic answered, "Santa Claus."

Thinking a neighbour had come t cheer me or bring toys for the children stockings. I opened the door, and thes was my dear husband, safe.—*A. P., Hanley.*

* * *

No dinner that day. Were we all misera ble? No, sublimely happy. Dinne could wait—he couldn't. He's nine year old this Christmas.—*"Happy Man," Dipton.*

Listening to exclamations of childis delight as I handed out gifts to hundred of kiddies in the rôle of Father Christ mas.—*Amateur Santa, Burnley.*

When I visited an old couple, and gav the woman a Christmas cake and the ol man tobacco and his favourite sweet they might have been solid gold.—*J. D Poulton.*

Arriving home after looking for work, I found an official envelope marked "In come-Tax." The authorities found I ha paid too much, and were returning £2 The cheque arrived on Christmas Eve.— *Lucky, Rugby.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published; 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, December 20.

My "Good Luck" Year—and Why

EXPERT SOCCER FORECASTS

Selections for December 17

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) MIDDLESBROUGH v. Leeds.
(2) Huddersfield v. ARSENAL.
(3) WOLVES v. Blackpool.
**(4) VILLA v. Blackburn.
(5) Bolton v. WEDNESDAY.
(6) CHELSEA v. Manchester C.
(7) LEICESTER v. Birmingham.
(8) Liverpool v. W.B. Albion.
(9) NEWCASTLE v. Derby.
(10) PORTSMOUTH v. Sunderland.
(11) SHEFFIELD U. v. Everton.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) FOREST v. Millwall.
(2) PLYMOUTH v. Port Vale.
**(3) HOTSPUR v. West Ham.
*(4) BRADFORD v. Notts County.
(5) BURNLEY v. Swansea.
(6) Charlton v. Southampton.
(7) Grimsby v. FULHAM.
(8) Manchester U. v. Lincoln.
*(9) OLDHAM v. Chesterfield.
(10) Preston v. BRADFORD C.
*(11) STOKE v. Bury.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) CARDIFF v. Clapton Orient.
(2) ALDERSHOT v. Torquay.
(3) Bristol Rovers v. Brentford.
(4) BRIGHTON v. Coventry.
*(5) WATFORD v. Swindon.
(6) NORWICH v. Bristol City.
**(7) C. PALACE v. Newport.
(8) GILLINGHAM v. Boscombe.
(9) Q.P. Rangers v. Exeter.
*(10) READING v. Northampton.
(11) SOUTHEND v. Luton.

NORTHERN SECTION.

*(1) MANSFIELD v. Halifax.
(2) ROTHERHAM v. Tranmere.
(3) YORK v. Doncaster.
(4) Accrington v. Wrexham.
(5) BARROW v. Stockport.
(6) CARLISLE v. Darlington.
(7) N. Brighton v. WALSALL.
(8) Rochdale v. Barnsley.
**(9) SOUTHPORT v. Hartlepools.
(10) CHESTER v. Gateshead.
(11) CREWE v. Hull City.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) FALKIRK v. Kilmarnock.
**(2) ST. MIRREN v. Airdrie.
(3) Third Lanark v. Partick.
**(4) ABERDEEN v. Queen's Park.
(5) Ayr United v. CELTIC.
(6) CLYDE v. Morton.
(7) DUNDEE v. E. Stirling.
**(8) MOTHERWELL v. Cowdenbeath.
**(9) RANGERS v. Hamilton.
(10) ST. JOHNSTONE v. Hearts.

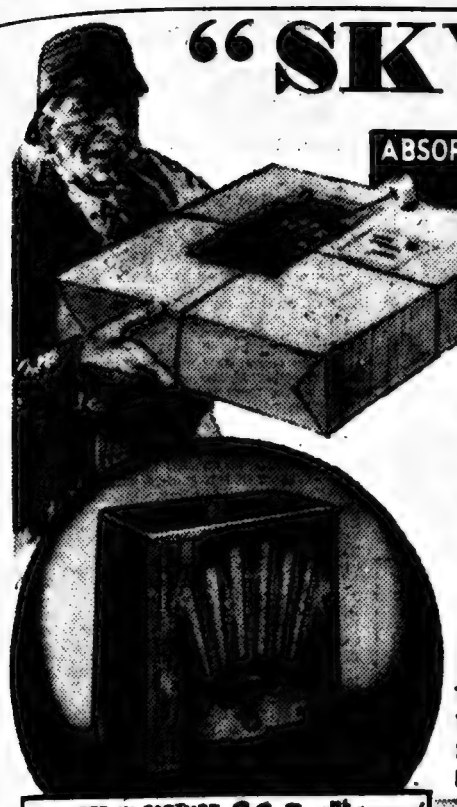
SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home and *A* for away team.

Example Code.—Div. I.—4 (*H*); Div. II.—3 (*H*); Southern Section—7 (*H*); Scottish League—5 (*A*), would indicate Aston Villa, Tottenham Hotspur, Crystal Palace and Glasgow Celtic.

"SKYSCRAPER RADIO"



What greater gift for any home?

GREAT LISSEN CONSTRUCTIONAL CHART TELLS EXACTLY WHAT TO DO WITH EVERY SINGLE NUT AND SCREW!

FIRSTLY, there is the absorbing interest of watching the "Skyscraper" develop under your own hands from a box of parts to a clean, glistening, all-metal radio receiver. **THEN** the thrill of trying it out—of bringing in stations you have never heard before—of being able to pick any programme you like from your Christmas newspapers and bring it in with certainty—of dancing all Christmas if you like to bands from the ends of Europe.

Lissen have published a Constructional Chart, giving the most detailed instructions ever printed for the building of a wireless set. You can't go wrong—you are told exactly what to do—every part, every wire, every terminal is identified by photographs. Everybody without any technical knowledge or skill, can safely and with **COMPLETE CERTAINTY OF SUCCESS** undertake to build this most modern of radio receivers from the instructions given and the parts Lissen have supplied.

THE ONLY KIT YOU CAN BUILD YOURSELF EMPLOYING METALISED S.G. HIGH MU DETECTOR AND ECONOMY POWER PENTODE VALVES

This new Lissen "SKYSCRAPER" Kit set is the only one on the market that you can build yourself employing a Metallised Screened Grid Valve. High Mu Detector and Economy Power Pentode. Around these three valves Lissen have designed a home constructor's kit the equal of which has never been before. Why be satisfied with whispering foreign stations when you can BUILD WITH YOUR OWN HANDS this LISSEN "SKYSCRAPER" that will bring in loudly and clearly distant stations in a profusion that will add largely to your enjoyment of radio?

You can get the Lissen "Skyscraper" Chart FREE from any radio dealer, or by posting the COUPON below direct to factory.

To-day you can buy the LISSEN "SKYSCRAPER" KIT on Gradual Payment Terms.

COMPLETE IN CABINET WITH LOUDSPEAKER £6·5·s or 11/- down and twelve monthly payments of 10/6

"Skyscraper" Chassis kit, complete with Valves. CASH PRICE 89/6. Or 8/6 down and twelve monthly payments of 7/6.

"Skyscraper" Kit complete with Walnut Cabinet and inbuilt Loudspeaker, as illustrated £6 5s. CASH. Or 11/6 down and twelve monthly payments of 10/6.

Insert this COUPON in unsealed envelope with only half-penny stamp and address to:—LISSEN LIMITED, Dept. D.E.1, Worple Road, Isleworth, Middlesex. Please send me FREE copy of your 1/- "Skyscraper" Chart.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

ASK YOUR DEALER OR POST THIS COUPON FOR FREE CHART

LISSEN "SKYSCRAPER" 3 KIT

BUY HIM A TIN for Christmas!

2/8D PER ¼lb. TIN

PLAYER'S DIGGER TOBACCOS

DIGGER FLAKE · DIGGER MIXTURE · DIGGER CUT PLUG
DIGGER HONEYDEW · DIGGER SHAG · DIGGER BLACK CUT CAVENDISH

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. P.D.11.A

HUGE 2-IN-1 FIRST AND HAMPERS FOR JOHN BULL'S XMAS X-WORD

£800 and 30/- A WEEK FOR LIFE

OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £800

THIS **BIG HAMPER** ADDED TO EVERY PRIZE

THESE TEN SEASONABLE LUXURIES ARE CONTAINED IN THESE HAMPERS···

PLUMP SURREY FOWL···SAUSAGES ···PLUM PUDDING···DUNDEE CAKE···MUSCATELS & ALMONDS ···CHOCOLATES···CIGARETTES ···CRACKERS···BISCUITS AND A BOTTLE OF FINE OLD PORT

£100 BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS-UP

EXTRA **£100** BONUS BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP WHO HAVE SENT TWO SIXPENNY ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE

Who is to be the next "John Bull" Crossword Pensioner? Answer that question yourself by spending an hour with this amusing Christmas puzzle. Your reward for solving the entertaining clues may be the huge 2-in-1 First Prize of £300 in cash and a Pension of 30s. a week for life!

There is an additional £200 to be won by Runners-up as detailed here—and every prize-winner will receive, as well as cash, *an extra gift of a Giant Hamper!*

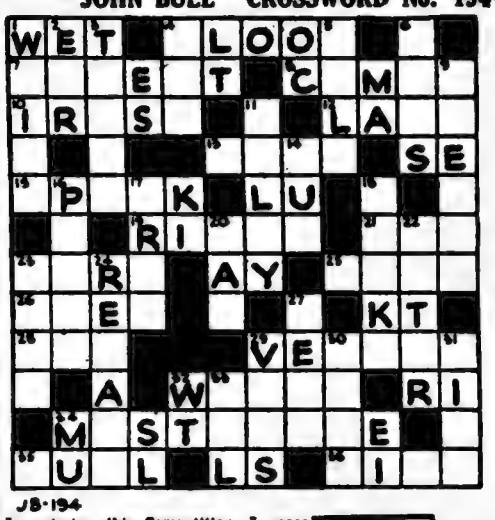
For this Christmas contest you may enter 2 coupons (4 squares) from this week's issue and 2 from next week's issue—and notice that the closing date is noon, *Friday*, December 30!

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of 30/- a week and £300 cash (or a lump sum of £800 cash) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. A big Hamper added to every winner's prize. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 5th, 1933, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 12th, 1933.

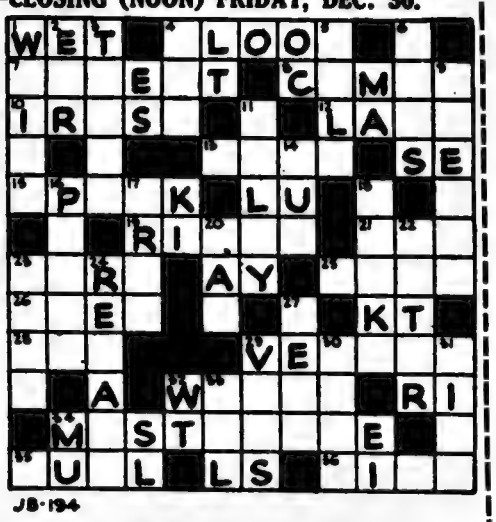
FOR THIS CONTEST ONLY

Each entrant is allowed to submit all four entry forms published in this journal, i.e., EIGHT SQUARES.
For one entry form (TWO SQUARES) entry fee is P.O. value SIXPENCE. Extra entry forms at same rate.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 194—CLOSING (NOON) FRIDAY, DEC. 30.



JB·194



JB·194

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value.....No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 4.

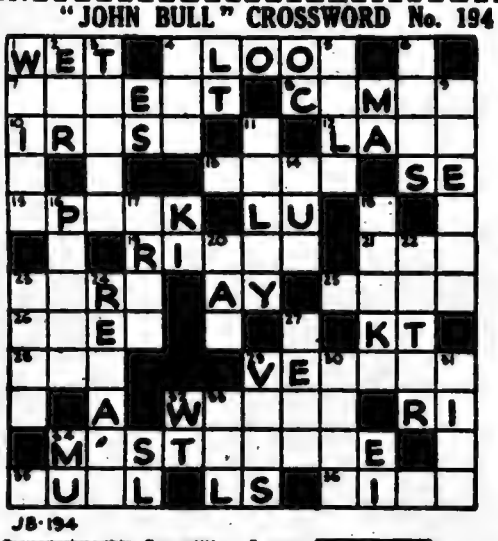
ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 194—CLOSING (NOON) FRIDAY, DEC. 30.



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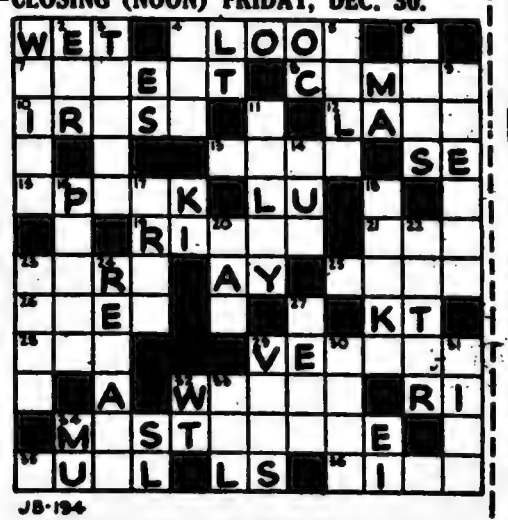


JB·194

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value.....No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 4.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

SPECIAL XMAS CLOSING DATE. Owing to Christmas holidays, this contest closes one day later than usual—at Noon, Friday, Dec. 30.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Opposite of "dry."
4. Describes snobbish person.
7. Take into custody.
8. Funny.
10. Some whiskey is this.
12. Criminals hate a stroke with this.
13. Helps to make soil productive.
15. Say something.
19. What burglars do to safes.
21. Rowing man uses one.
23. Usually has horse in front of it.
25. What baby should be when it's cold.
26. Highest cards.
28. Collection.
29. Ship.
32. His arm goes round hers.
34. Don't miss a kiss under this.
35. Describes sonny, after too much merry-making.
36. Smoke rises from this.

CLUES DOWN

1. They need something from you at Xmas.
2. Make a mistake.
3. Describes amateurish author's work.
4. Don't drop this on the carpet.
5. We like to see our old ones at Xmas.
6. Is invited under mistletoe.
9. Describes a bright colour.
11. A little brightens up the party.
14. Be sorry for.
16. China often lacks.
17. Crafts.
18. Connected with eyes.
20. Goes round, doing useful work.
22. Star-like flower.
23. Hospital has to nurse.
24. Tell a story.
27. Duck may be seen in this.
29. Competes with.
30. Cease.
31. Living.
33. Willy's share of wages.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

JB·192

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 192

Winners in 191 on page 2. Result of 193 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 192 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

ADDRESS ENTRY

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 194, 37, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. /; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Friday, December 30, 1932.

2.—No competitor may submit more than four Double Entry Forms (eight squares)—two double entry forms from this week's announcement and two from next week's. Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 12th, 1933. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, January 24th, 1933, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared, £800 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

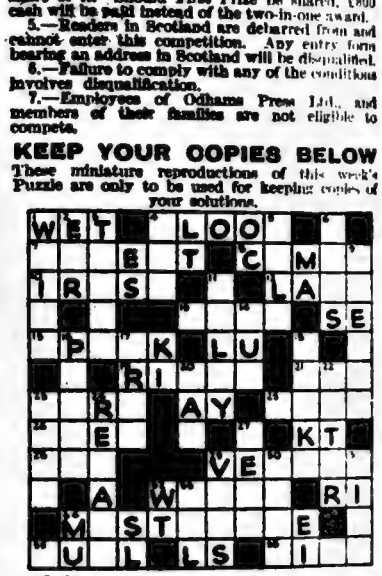
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

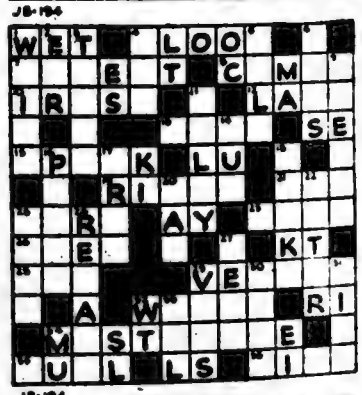
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



JB·194



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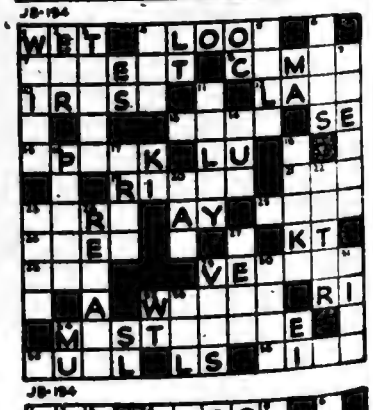

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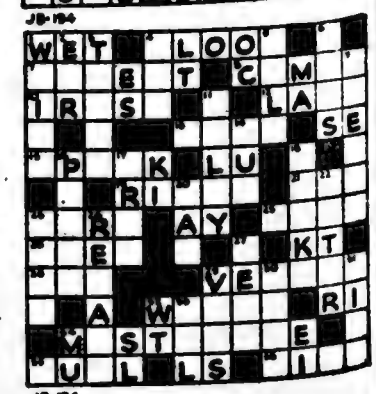


JB·194

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

I. M. (Warwick).—"A man who has reached the top of the tree is generally successful in anything he undertakes." Not when he tries to fix a fairy doll in position.

FEMINIST (Lewes).—"Would not women make good rulers?" Yes, if they knew where to draw the line.

A. J. H. (Sandwich).—"My car is ten years old, but still pretty good." Quite passable, in fact!

STATISTICIAN (Bromley).—"The average English family consists of 4.1 persons." The .1 being, of course, father.

S. C. (Hornsey).—"I drove the waits away by turning on the wireless." So the poor chaps must have been real musicians, after all.

D. M. (London, W.).—"I was recently a guest at a banker's wedding." Did the happy couple pass under an arch of crossed cheques?

P. M. (Ingatestone).—"I am bored, listless and have lost interest in everything. What should I take?" JOHN BULL every week.

P. R. (Walton).—"Our new maid arrived in a taxi." Did she ask the driver to wait?

G. M. (Hitchin).—"I always express my thoughts in my letters." We noticed that you had nothing much to write about.

P. N. (Bude).—"I asked him to stop the car three times to let me get out." Surely once would have been sufficient?

P. D. (Stevenage).—"Do you know how I first came to write to you?" No, nor why.

JOCKEY (Newmarket).—"I am compiling a book of jokes about racing." Horse chestnuts?

L. A. (Handsworth).—"What is a philosopher?" A man with a good constitution, position, and bank account.

VEGETARIAN (Moy).—"People make Christmas an excuse for stuffing." Well, what's a turkey without it?

G. W. (Norwood).—"Taking her all round, my wife is very expensive." Then why take her all round?

MISS M. (Ely).—"You may not believe that I am only twenty-one." Thanks, we won't.

G. T. (Holborn).—"That foggy day we had last week made a difference to me." Did you have the misfortune to bump into your tailor?

G. N. (Land's End).—"First I moved from London to Taunton, and now I have taken a house at Land's End." Keep moving in the same direction.

F. N. (Goole).—"I cannot understand why my wife suffers from chilblains." Why, do you expect her to enjoy them?

A. N. (Shrewsbury).—"Is late rising harmful?" Well, it certainly shortens one's days.

BACK (Woolwich).—"The crowd cheered as I met the ball with my head." Did they think it had struck the upright?

F. B. (Perth).—"The air is so rarefied at 20,000 ft. above sea-level that the bagpipes cannot be played." Maybe, but we all cannot live on the tops of mountains.

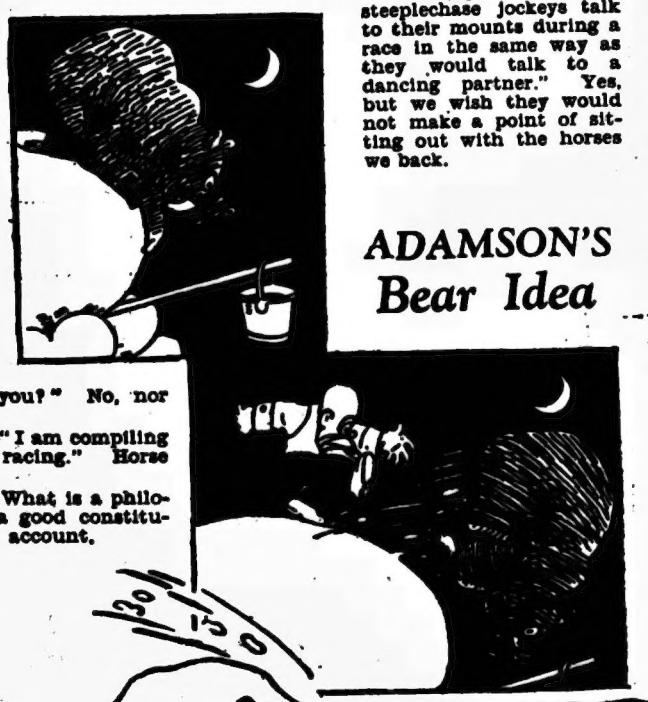
NOVICE (Altrincham).—"Why are there eighteen holes on a golf course?" Lots of other beginners have wondered what the other seventeen were for, too.

G. F. (Newmarket).—"The majority of backers have had a very good season." But we have yet to see a bookmaker smoking a clay pipe.

G. D. (London, W.).—"I sang carols outside your house last night." Then we must apologise for what we did to our neighbour's cat.

F. H. (Knutsford).—"The modern youth would scorn oiling his hair as his father did." Yes, he now crawls under his car to do it.

F. C. (Epsom).—"Some steeplechase jockeys talk to their mounts during a race in the same way as they would talk to a dancing partner." Yes, but we wish they would not make a point of sitting out with the horses we back.



D. M. (Atherstone).—"As the fox broke cover I was the first over the fence." And did your horse come along later?

G. B. (Boston).—"For two pins I wouldn't write to you again." We have forwarded a whole packet to make sure.

J. S. (Hampstead).—"When I call to see you I shall speak my mind." We are glad you don't intend to stay long.

L. R. (Whitstable).—"The girl who goes about with a ready smile shows she has a satisfied nature." Or attractive teeth.

W. V. (Gorleston).—"I never read a book without feeling richer after it." What about your bank pass-book?

KITTY (Salford).—"I have a very bad cold in my head." Well, that is better than nothing.

SOPRANO (Brondesbury).—"My doctor has forbidden me to sing." Great fellows, doctors.

S. W. (Oundle).—"One glance at my face told her she was wrong." Had she said you were good looking?

R. W. M. (Glasgow).—"Japan has found a vast new source of oil." Well, she has a vast new supply of troubled waters for it.

H. T. W. (Barnet).—"Berets which look as though they were nailed to the head are the latest fashion." Many heads lend themselves to this treatment.

G. C. H. (Feltham).—"A German author says that British women are so beautiful they can wear any old thing." Of course they can, but they won't.

P. M. (Cambridge).—"Postal traffic from here is on a steady decline." The main reason perhaps is that it is almost useless to write home for money these days.

C. E. (Northampton).—"I have no time to think of speed limits." Then perhaps a magistrate will give you some before long.

J. F. H. (Pett's Wood).—"I'm the kind of prize-fighter you can always count on." We know—"One—two—three . . . nine—out!"

G. N. (Grendon).—"He told me I had more money than sense, so I informed him that I hadn't a couple of pounds to my name." But he probably knew that.

BACHELOR GIRL (Liff).—"I could marry any man I know, if I thought him worth my while." Don't you mean worth your wiles?

G. M. (Bow).—"I often wonder why one particular boy friend never attempts to kiss me." Probably because that one boy is particular.

L. Y. (Hull).—"Many a wife helps her husband to the top of the ladder." And leaves him there while she decides which piece of holly he shall hang.

P. W. (Victoria).—"Is it right that everything comes to those who wait?" Yes — boots, hair-brushes, washstand crockery—everything!

H. W. (Retford).—"My friend wrote saying that he would never forget the dinner I gave him." Was it as bad as all that?

H. M. (Doncaster).—"It is anticipated that the House of Commons will rise two days before Christmas." That should give the other pantomimes a chance.

H. R. J. (Hereford).—"As far as I can see, 1933 is going to be no better for most people than 1932." Well, look as far as page 39. You can win that £500 and make 1933 completely different for you and your family.

L. B. (Rochester).—"A new novel is said to have no plot." But when it is filmed Hollywood will throw in a bathing-pool scene and a couple of cabaret shows and nobody will notice anything unusual.

C. L. (Eastbourne).—"At a well-known school each pupil, when leaving, plants a tree." New scholars say that the cruel practice of planting birch trees shows an unfeeling spirit.

T. R. (Richmond).—"Among the novelties for the Christmas season is a realistic-looking cigar which contains a corkscrew." That's an improvement on those realistic-looking cigars which are supposed to contain tobacco.

G. C. M. (London, W.C.).—"Why does a playwright never write a play in which all the characters are strangled?" It would certainly be better than writing one in which all the characters ought to be.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day! The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

Is Your Life Daily Torture?

Are you a victim of rheumatism backache, joint pains, lumbago? Do you feel worn-out, hating work, and with no zest for pleasure, your strength just "giving out"? Be warned . . . . it is practically certain that kidney trouble is the cause of your serious condition.

Will you believe the thousands who tell you there is no remedy so sure, safe and certain as De Witts Brand Pills.

RHEUMATISM

Oh! those awful twinges that cripple you. Terrible days of pain, sleepless nights. Why don't you let De Witts Brand Pills end that chronic pain for good?

JOINT PAINS

Stiff, swollen joints, uric acid deposits making every movement pure agony. De Witts Brand Pills drive away the impurities and poisons that cause your pain.

LUMBAGO

This down-dragging misery just makes life a horror. Why be too-old, worn-out when "De Witts" will end your trouble and give you new vigour and vitality?

WEAK BACK

No finer remedy for kidney weakness than De Witts Brand Pills. Cost but 3/-, or more economical size, 5/-. Thousands have tried and trusted them, so can you. Ask for and see you get the genuine

DE WITTS (BRAND)

KIDNEY AND BLADDER **PILLS**

JOHN BULL'S Great Xmas Gift to You!

Your Last Chance before Christmas!

John Bull Xmas Gift Voucher — VALUE 5/-

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as Five Shillings in part payment of the "John Bull" 10/- Pen and Pencil Set de Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Available only until December 31, 1932.

10/- for 5/-

ALL BRITISH

John Bull Xmas Gift Voucher — VALUE 2/6

This Gift Voucher will be accepted in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Pen and Pencil Set. Only one voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Available only until December 31, 1932.

5/- for 2/6

As Christmas draws near applications for "John Bull's" Xmas Gift Offer continue to grow in greater volume.

A big staff is speeding these magnificent Pen and Pencil Sets to delighted readers. But a last minute rush is inevitable, therefore make application **now**, and be in good time for Xmas.

WHICH OFFER WILL YOU ACCEPT!

Here is the gift supreme for a friend—the opportunity of a lifetime to be the proud possessor of a really fine Pen and Pencil Set.

Don't wait for the last minute rush. Make application now.

5/- WRITING SET FOR 2/6

Admire the handsome chasing of the Pen, the superb finish. The self-filling device is the very latest and the 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, will give years of writing joy. A 2-year written guarantee is sent with each pen, proof of its great reliability. The "Everpointed" Pencil to match complete with refills and pocket clip is a perfect companion.

10/- WRITING SET OFFERED FOR 5/-

The graceful streamline, the superb finish, greatly enhanced by the rolled gold band and pocket clip, is a delight to the eye. The pen is fitted with heavy 14-carat solid gold nib, tipped with costly iridium. An up-to-date lever self-filling device is also of rolled gold. The "Everpointed" Pencil to match has the same beautiful streamline, and is complete with pocket clip and extra leads. This set is enclosed in a handsome presentation case, beautifully coloured with butterfly tints. A five years' written guarantee is sent with each De Luxe set.

Cash Your Gift Voucher To-day

"John Bull's" Xmas Gift Coupon.

To "JOHN BULL," Pen Dept. J.6, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/6 which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Pen and Pencil Set. I enclose P.O. for 2/6, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 2/9 in all. Pocket Clip for Pen 3d. extra.

OR

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value Five Shillings which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 10/- Pen and Pencil Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 5/-, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 5/3 in all.

CROSS OUT GIFT NOT REQUIRED.

Name.....

Address .....

.....

Fine—medium—broad nib (Cross out grades not required).
Cross Cheque/P.O. / & Co. / and make payable to "John Bull." J.B. 27/12/32.

HOME SAFEGUARDS No. 3.

D·A·N·G·E·R

Don't let them cross the road without waiting to stop and look. **Don't** let them climb high fences. **Don't** let them play "tag" in the street. **Don't** let them swing round and round a lamp-post. **Don't** let them become "Rugger champions" too early. **Don't** let them see "how high they can swing" in the park. **Don't** let them suddenly jump off the see-saw and let somebody down. **Don't** let them race downstairs. **Don't** let them play about whilst on the round-abouts.

THE next time you catch your youngster sliding down the banisters, climbing trees or posing as a great Rugger man, you will know it is high time you registered for our Free Family Insurance.

It was a good day for mother when JOHN BULL decided to bring the children within the scope of its Great Free Insurance.

Every single week JOHN BULL despatches a big batch of cheques to parents whose children are injured at play—proof of how easy it is for frail limbs to be broken.

Sign the forms below now.

Against FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT, "John Bull" covers You Free!

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 17/12/32

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent. .....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.** J.B. 17/12/32

100 NOVEL BIG 4-IN-1 NEW YEAR PRIZES
1933
GIANT NEW YEAR HAMPER CONTAINING PLUMP SURREY FOWL AND NINE OTHER SEASONABLE LUXURIES
BULLETS SEASON TICKET PROVIDING 104.00 ENTRIES FREE
ROGET'S THESAURUS COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME DE LUXE EDITION
and £2 NEW YEAR CHEQUE
FOUR PRIZES FOR ONE 'BULLET'

BUMPER 'BULLETS' FIRST £500

10,522 OTHER AWARDS—
£50-£25-20 of £6
500 of 2/6, 2,000 SPECIAL RED SEAL 'TARGETS', 8,000 TARGET PRIZES

FINE FIRST AND BIG NEW YEAR PRIZES!

HERE is not one but 123 opportunities for you to secure a big New Year prize with a *Bullet* made up during your Christmas holidays! Spend a cheery evening by the fireside with this page and your reward may well be the huge First Prize of £500.

Supporting this bumper First you see an array of 122 other fine prizes, including 100 novel 4-in-1 New Year awards for competitors who just miss the limelight.

A Giant Hamper, a millionaire's edition of the invaluable word-finder, *Roget's Thesaurus*, a set of 104 free-entry *Bullets* coupons with which to win in 1933, and a cheque for £2—these four awards make up the unique 4-in-1 prizes which 100 entrants are soon to win for a few well-chosen words!

Your first step towards making a *Bullet* is to read slowly through the *Examples* given, considering how they might be developed into *Bullets* by the addition of TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS. Your object, remember, is to convey your meaning clearly, but in unusual phrasing.

For instance, you might choose the *Example* RIGHT ROAD—and at once jot down the rough idea, LEADING GENEVA TO PEACE. Then, clothing that bare idea in neat phrasing, you might complete your *Bullet* thus: RIGHT ROAD—LEAGUE'S ON—LEAD ON!

Studying the winners is the best way to improve your own efforts. Before starting, therefore, study the good points of the winning *Bullets* printed below.

You are then ready to tackle the *Examples* for this fine offer of £500 and 122 other big New Year Prizes; remember, your efforts must be in by Saturday, December 31!

BIG CHEQUES AND 1,250 XMAS FEASTS AWARDED

FIRST PRIZE OF £300, COMPETITION No. 873:

Mr. M. GILBERT, 52, Broadesbury Road, London, N.W.

Example:—GLOWING EMBERS

Bullet:—DANGEROUS, WITH EUROPE "WINDY."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. B. C. ELLIS, 16, Kingsbridge Avenue, Ealing Common.
Example:—Opportunity's Bus
Bullet:—Caught—Made Opportunist Boss.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mrs. N. ROWLEY, 14, St. Michael's Terrace, Headingley, Leeds.
Example:—March Of Science
Bullet:—Hasn't Altered Mother's Mincemeat. (Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

A. S. BAILEY, Linden Lea, Willowbank, Uxbridge.
Sea Of Trouble—Sadly Damages "Life's Promenade."

E. H. COLE, 201, Burrage Road, Plumstead, London, S.E.
Gift From The Gods—Health—"Gifted" Often Denied.

W. CONNOLD, 30, Bourne Road, Colchester.
Political Puzzle—How Speaker Stifles Yawn.

Miss P. DAVIS, 203, Pym Street, Nottingham.
Gift From The Gods—Auntie Forgot Christmas Present!

Mrs. F. JOHNSON, 66, Fircroft Avenue, Sheffield.
Opportunity's Bus—Missed, "Relying On Another."

J. McNAUGHT, Thornton Lodge, Poulton-le-Fylde, Lancs.
Made Her Mad—"Mere Dye, My Dear!" (Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

M. G. MINNS, 150, Drayton Road, Norwich.
Grinding His Teeth—Dentist, "Extracting" His Finger.

A. OAKES, Crossways, Croft Avenue, Spital Park, Bromborough.
Outside The Milliner's—Again, *Father* Needs "Glass."

J. B. SEWELL, 98, Moresby Parks, Whitehaven.
Brutal Husband—Fights Mate—Mite's Fate—2.

J. THOMPSON, Oaken Royd, Triangle, Halifax.
March Of Science—Blazing Way For—Holocaust!

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

C. H. CARTER, "Highmead," Norton Avenue, Cardiff.
Takes The Cake—Unlicensed Grumbler, Radio's "Feast."

E. EVETTS, 22, Bath Street, Newcastle, Staffs.
Right Thing To Do—Done—Shaw's Horrible Discovery!

D. GILLESPIE, Schoolhouse, Caverton Mill, Kelso, N.B.
Once You've Been Bitten—You're Shy—or Married.

H. JOHN, 45, Worsley Street, North Ormesby, Middlesbrough.
Drowning Woman—Later "Floating Down Aisle."

C. A. LAWRENCE, 135, High Street West, Wallsend-on-Tyne.
Worried Father—Master Finds Faster Minds.

I. McLEOD, 37, Wilberforce Road, Liverpool.
Pack Of Wolves—Neighbours—Until "Wolf" Calls.

W. W. RAYMOND, The Shealing, Linlithgow, N.B.
March Of Science—Telephoned Grocer For Candles!

Mrs. E. SCAMPTON, 73, Mere Road, Blackpool.
Made Her Mad—Apology—Hadn't Finished Quarrel!

F. SMITHURST, 17, Wenlock Road, Liverpool.
Worries Father—Into Facing Worries, Mother.

J. THOMSON, jun., Flowery Hall, Charlestown, Fife.
Right Thing To Do—Preacher, Brighten Your "Pictures"!

A list of 100 Hampers, 250 Turkeys, 500 Xmas Cakes and 500 Savoy Fowl winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

The original cheques for £300 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 873 will be displayed in the window of Mrs. A. Davies, 210, Pentrebuchan Road, Pentrebuchan, Glam.

Free Help

A free weekly copy of BULLETS BULLETIN is waiting to help you into the prize-list. Make sure of receiving this guide to success every Thursday by posting off this coupon to-day.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "& Co." payable to *John Bull*) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.

Do not enclose this coupon with "Bullets."

"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 876.

AT BRITAIN'S DOOR
DISARMAMENT FENCE
CHAMPION OPTIMIST
NOTHING TO GRUMBLE ABOUT
EASY TO SEE THROUGH
VILLAGE NUISANCE
BLAZING INFERNO
RULING THE ROOST
ALONG CAME A GHOST AND
FINE COLLECTION
ACCEPTING THE SITUATION
RIGHT ROAD
PRETTY TOUGH
MAN SHE HATES
TWELVE MONTHS
GONE
LEFT IN PEACE
THE BARMAN
EVIDENTLY
WICKED UNCLE
NOBODY WANTS
DISMAL FAILURE
BETTER WORK
THIS YEAR
LIKE A PALACE
IDEAL
ONCE STARTED
NOT TO BE
BUNKUM
THE WOLF
TRICK OF FATE
GATES OF WRATH

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet

(876) P.O. No.
Closing SAT., Dec. 31
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed
Address

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet

(876) P.O. No.
Closing SAT., Dec. 31
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed
Address

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet

(876) P.O. No.
Closing SAT., Dec. 31
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed
Address

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet

(876) P.O. No.
Closing SAT., Dec. 31
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed
Address

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 876, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 876 usually purchase "John Bull."

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of Entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

NOW—HEALTHY LEGS FOR ALL!

Don't let LEG TROUBLES CRIPPLE *YOU!*

A Wonderful NEW TREATMENT THAT WILL SAVE YOU POUNDS

Get on the RIGHT SIDE *of a Course of* 'ELASTO'

"Oh! My Poor Legs."

"For years it was misery for me to walk, my legs and insteps would swell and the pain was awful! Finally an ulcer broke out on my ankle and I could not walk or stand except for a few minutes at a time. Then my son advised me to try Elasto and . . .

Now Available for All!

ELASTO—The Great National Remedy for Diseases of the VEINS and ARTERIES, and all ailments arising therefrom.

A VITAL CELL FOOD
which must be present in the Blood to ensure
COMPLETE HEALTH

What other users of Elasto say:

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Elasto put new life into me."
"Wonderfully active at 80."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Worked wonders; legs quite clear."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Now free from piles."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"It put me on my feet."
"Varicose veins completely gone."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"My skin is as soft as velvet." *Etc.*

These extracts from testimonials are typical of the general chorus of praise which has greeted this wonderful new blood treatment—Elasto.

"I can now Walk for Miles

. . after using your treatment I am happy to say I am completely cured and can now walk for miles. I cannot praise Elasto enough as I thought I would never walk again. Your treatment is truly wonderful."

Mrs. L—— S——.

What is Elasto?

ELASTO is something new to curative science; it is based on the knowledge that varicose ailments and relaxed conditions generally with their numerous developments and widely-varied symptoms, are *deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood.*

Owing to this lack, the body is unable to evolve the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and arterial walls and the membranes in healthy condition, and a varicose or relaxed condition results.

Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements that combine with albumin to form elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to effect a cure in a perfectly normal manner.

There is no chance-work about Elasto; it brings into play Nature's own laws of healing. Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell food which *must be present in the blood to ensure complete health.* It is prepared in tiny tablets, to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly and the most effective treatment ever devised.

Elasto conquers varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, phlebitis, thrombosis, muscular weakness, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, gout, rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs.

Elasto also conquers piles, prolapsus varicocele, hardened arteries and glands, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

Nothing even remotely resembling the New Elasto Treatment has ever been offered to the public before. This new biological treatment actually restores the natural power of healing to the blood.

Here is your great opportunity!

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Simply fill in the Coupon for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Treatment. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto Blood Treatment makes!!

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Please Print in Capital Letters.

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My Ailment is .....

John Bull, Dec. 17, 1932.

ELASTO THE NEW BIOLOGICAL TREATMENT — CURES THROUGH THE BLOOD

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